The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1893.

The Week.

THE final scenes in the Senate on the passage of the silver-repeal bill were of a lugubrious nature in some respects, especially so to Senators Morgan, Cockrell, Vest, and Harris. It was very trying to them to be brought face to face with a condition of affairs which would expose the worthlessness of all the financial rubbish that has been issuing out of their mouths during the past ten or a dozen years. It was very sad for them to be "driven into a corner," without the smallest scrap of compromise to exhibit to their angry constituents. Senator Morgan, who enjoys the distinction of being wrong on every public question, made a spiteful attack on the President, and said that if he had told the people of Alabama that silver was to die by Mr. Cleveland's command, that State would not have cast her vote for him. When Mr. Morgan says people, he means Populists. The people of Alabama were never in ignorance as to Mr. Cleveland's position on the silver question. He had declared it over and over again. The Democratic party had adopted it in their national platform calling for the repeal of the Sherman act. The Democrats of Alabama ratified both platform and nominee in the election. The Populists of Alabama, and they alone, took a position antagonistic to Mr. Cleveland on the silver question. The Democrats were with him then as they are now. Four-fifths of the Democratic newspapers of the State sustain him and favor the repeal of the Sherman act. Senators Cockrell and Vest, if not equally out of harmony with their own party at home, are by no means on the footing that they have formerly enjoyed. They are unmistakably condemned by the commercial classes and by the intelligent members of the community.

The *Congressional Record* continues to grind out the grist of speeches against time made by the Populists and silver Republicans in the Senate. The number for October 26 contains the two days' speech of Senator Allen of Nebraska, being mostly wind. During Mr. Allen's speech the ingenious Peffer came to his aid with some per-capita information that was particularly helpful. Mr. Allen had acquainted the world with the fact that during the war and the years immediately succeeding it the per-capita circulation of the country had been much larger than it is now, from which the inference was easily deducible that our monetary conditions were much happier and more satisfactory then than they are now. Gold was then at various rates of premium up to 280. The fluctuations in the value of the currency were rapid and excessive, affording great opportunities for speculation and turning all business into gambling—all except that of the wage-earner, who had no chance to profit by speculations, but was compelled to stand still and take whatever came to him. Senator Dolph ventured to question some of Mr. Allen's statistics. Then the ingenious Peffer, in whose nostrils currency inflation is the breath of life, came forward with tabular information showing the amount of various kinds of public debt in existence in 1866, including short bonds, compound-interest notes, national-bank notes, greenbacks, 7.30s, certificates of indebtedness, etc., all of which, as Mr. Peffer could prove, were in circulation at one time, making a glorious total of $52 per capita. The contrast between that flourishing state and the present stifling condition, when gold is worth only 100 cents to the dollar, is obvious without any argument from Peffer or Allen.

Senator Sherman's proposal that the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to sell bonds, not exceeding $200,000,000 in amount, bearing interest not exceeding 3 per cent, and redeemable five years after date, is judicious, reasonable, and most probably necessary to carry the Government through the next two or three years. That the Secretary is facing a deficit estimated at $50,000,000 for the present fiscal year has been officially announced. He is meeting his daily expenses in part by borrowing from the gold reserve, commonly called the greenback-redemption fund. Nearly one-fifth of this fund has disappeared in this manner, the residue being little more than $80,000,000. Whatever views may have been held regarding the sacredness of this fund, all precedents have been shattered by the march of events. It was maintained at one time, and not very long ago, by high officials of the Treasury that this gold reserve of $100,000,000 could not be used to redeem the new Treasury notes issued under the act of 1890, but when the pinch came, and it was necessary either to break in upon that fund or to redeem those notes in silver, and thus to create two kinds of money in the country, all technicalities and legal scruples were brushed aside.

The ice having been broken, it was easy to dip in again when the panic had caused a shortage of revenue. It will be remembered that after gold importations began, as one of the consequences of the crisis, the $100,000,000 reserve was built up again. Gold was turned in at the Custom-house during the "currency famine" because the public preferred paper. This condition lasted until the currency famine had passed away, until the hoarding movement had ceased and the banks had again resumed payment in full of all checks. When the finances, both public and private, resumed their normal condition, the Treasury gold reserve began to shrink once more, from sheer inability to meet daily expenses out of daily receipts. The Secretary must either stop payment altogether or pay out such money as he has on hand. Senator Sherman a few days ago said that the Treasury was getting into a condition where it must either have bills payable or accounts payable, and that the former were preferable to the latter. This is a true tale. The case is analogous to that of a private person who owes his butcher, grocer, tailor, servants, etc., small sums of money which he cannot pay. His credit at the bank is good because his resources are ample. He can get his note discounted for enough to pay all the small claims, and thus get rid of duns and satisfy everybody. There are apparently some people in the United States, perhaps some Senators, who think that it would be a saving all around if the Government should continue to owe its clerks, judges, soldiers, sailors, pensioners, and other employees and creditors small sums which they cannot do without, rather than owe certain forehanded people a lump sum which they would readily pay for the Government's bills payable or bonds. Persons who have the notion that the Government can save something by not paying its debts promptly are as little to be reasoned with as Senator Pugh or the melancholy Bland. They must be voted down.

The death of the mayor of Chicago at the hands of an assassin is a sad ending to the World's Fair, but he cannot be wholly acquitted of responsibility for it. He was during his whole political career a strong sympathizer with the lawless element in the Chicago population. He did his best to save the Anarchists from the gallows after their murderous attack on the police, and down to a very recent date he allowed mobs to assemble daily in front of the principal hotel in Chicago to declaim against poverty. One of the greatest objections to lawlessness is that it begets lawlessness. Everything—whether anarchical talk, or lynching, or open defiance—which diffuses contempt for the law and its officers, and for the society for whose benefit or protection the

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law is enacted, is open to the capital objection that it may bear fruit. No one can guarantee that it shall be mere talk, that it shall not fall on ears which shall turn it into action. Every large city contains hundreds of shiftless, discontented, half-cracked fellows, who only need a suggestion from some seemingly responsible source to conceive themselves justified in "removing" some local impediment to human happiness with a knife or revolver. The people who swarm in the streets with concealed weapons do not all carry certificates of sanity. This class Mayor Harrison undoubtedly helped to keep alive and to multiply, and in doing so undoubtedly in some degree contributed to his own tragic taking-off. If the occurrence has a warning in it for Gov. Altgeld, so much the better. He is playing the same dangerous game, and with the same object—to get the Senatorship.

Marshall Field's munificent gift of $1,000,000 assures to Chicago a memorial of its great Fair which will be of the highest educational value to the whole country. It was early in 1892 that certain public-spirited citizens of Chicago, the chief of whom was Mr. W. T. Baker, then president of the Local Board of the Exposition, and president also of the Chicago Board of Trade, began to agitate the project of establishing a Columbian museum as a permanent memorial of the Exposition. Seconded by President Harper of the University of Chicago, they formulated a plan which contemplated the erection of a fire-proof building in Lincoln Park, to be made the receptacle of the exhibits of scientific value bequeathed from the Fair. It was known that the exhibits in the field of natural history from the Central and South American countries especially would be of unexampled interest and value, and it was the desire to preserve these and others similar to them for the instruction of the people for all time which prompted the movement for a museum. The plan called for a fire-proof structure costing a million dollars, and assurance was given that if this could be erected, specimens and articles of historic interest aggregating three million dollars in value would be forthcoming. Mr. Field's generous gift secures the structure, which we believe is to be a reproduction of the present beautiful art palace in indestructible material, a fitting monument to the Fair, and to the seemingly limitless generosity and genuine civic pride of the people of Chicago.

The removal of Mr. Henry White from the place of first secretary to the American Embassy in London has just been effected. Mr. White's resignation was asked for some time ago for the purpose of giving the office to Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, who, we understand, contributed $10,000 to the campaign fund. Mr. Roosevelt is an estimable gentleman who has already had some diplomatic experience on the Continent, but it cannot be repeated too often that London is a post for which no experience on the Continent is of any use. In London, which is the principal seat of our diplomatic business abroad, no experience takes the place of local experience. To be of use to his country in London it is necessary before all things that the minister should know the men and women of the capital thoroughly, and should know the usages, and prejudices, and feelings of all of that very composite, complicated, and, to the outsider, rather mysterious body called English society, which has so much to do as yet with shaping legislation and making war and peace. Ministers, as they come and go, do not always, and cannot always, possess this knowledge, and it has accordingly been a wise custom to keep some one who did possess it permanently, as it were, in the first secretaryship. Mr. Moran held the place in this way for a long time, and so did Mr. Hoppin. Mr. White has filled it admirably for the past ten years. We doubt if anybody has ever brought as much tact, industry, patience, and good temper to the discharge of its duties. He was invaluable to Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Bayard was, we understand, very desirous of having him stay. To turn him out now for a newcomer is as serious an offence against our diplomatic service abroad as could be committed.

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, in his article on arbitration in the November *Harper's*, makes a brief reference to the Bering Sea case. He writes:

"What would have resulted from a persistent assertion of its rights by force, on the part of the United States, is of course a matter of conjecture. Mr. Phelps, minister at the Court of St. James's, was in favor of vigorous measures, and urged the continuation of the only course which, in his judgment, was consistent with self-respect. He felt and expressed entire confidence that Great Britain, knowing that she was in the wrong, would never go to war in defiance of the impregnable moral grounds on which the claims of the United States were based. This view was entitled to special consideration, emanating as it did from a profound jurist who had also proved himself an exceptionally skilful diplomat. But there certainly was some danger that the seizure of British vessels in the open sea might lead to a disturbance of the friendly relations between the two great powers."

This is putting it very mildly in view of the documents in the case. On June 14, 1890, Sir Julian Pauncefote, after vainly trying to get Mr. Blaine to abate something of his pretensions, served upon him a formal notice, of which the concluding paragraph was as follows:

"The undersigned is in consequence instructed formally to protest against such interference, and to declare that her Britannic Majesty's Government must hold the Government of the United States responsible for the consequences that may ensue from acts which are contrary to the established principles of international law."

After the receipt of this unmistakable intimation of what they were rushing upon with their seizures of British ships upon the high seas, Mr. Blaine and the President suddenly discovered that they had always been strongly in favor of a *modus* and arbitration. Mr. Coudert's way of putting the thing helps us to understand the laughter with which his jocose treatment of the American case was received by the Paris Tribunal. Mr. Phelps will immensely enjoy the humor of the references to himself.

Admiral Stanton's explanation of his conduct in saluting the rebel admiral in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro does not acquit him of having been guilty of an indiscretion, in view of his instructions to have nothing whatever to do with the revolution, but it does show how difficult was the situation he had to deal with. Precedents to guide him were exceedingly scanty, if indeed a single one precisely in point could be cited. As he says, Mello was the only Brazilian admiral afloat, and had sent an officer to make a ceremonious call upon the American admiral. Now there is no hard-and-fast rule about the receipt and return of these naval courtesies, though the principle is laid down in the books that, on the high seas at least, "they ought generally to be returned if offered by one of the parties," and admirals' ships, in particular, are expected to salute each other. The case was certainly a puzzling one. Here was the entire Brazilian navy under a single commander flying the Brazilian flag. It was not a question of choosing between the recognition of Mello and that of some admiral loyal to the established Government. Admiral Stanton had, in fact, first recognized the *de-facto* Government by saluting the forts under Peixoto's control. Then came the visit from the rebel admiral. It would have been an undoubted discourtesy not to return it. Mello was no pirate. He was an insurgent, and an insurgent of standing. Back of him was practically the entire navy, and two or three of the richest and most progressive States in the country. We suppose Admiral Stanton had no idea that he would be practically recognizing Mello's rights as a belligerent by saluting him. There is room for doubt whether such was, in effect, the consequence of his action. But there appears to be no room for doubt that he exceeded his instructions. He was in a delicate position. He should have managed to be "not at home" when the rebel admiral's card was sent up.

The last Legislature of Michigan passed a law which attempted to confer upon

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women the right to vote in municipal elections. It was questioned at the time whether the Legislature possessed the power, under the State Constitution, to make so radical a change in the suffrage, and these doubts have been justified by an appeal to the judiciary. The Supreme Court rendered a decision last week declaring the law unconstitutional and void, on the ground that the Constitution of Michigan does not extend the franchise to women, and that the Legislature cannot confer the right by a statute, an amendment of the Constitution being the only lawful way to accomplish the result. Constitutional amendments providing for woman suffrage are, in fact, now pending in two Western States—Colorado and Kansas; and the vote on the question in the former State will be taken at this month's election. The Michigan law became practically a Republican party measure during its passage through the Legislature, the Democrats opposing it and predicting that the Supreme Court would annul it for unconstitutionality. Now that this prediction has been verified, the Detroit *Tribune*, the leading Republican organ, declares that "woman suffrage in Michigan, either equal or limited, is placed beyond the pale of political possibility for a generation at least." The *Tribune* considers it practically impossible to secure an extension of the franchise to women by means of a constitutional amendment—except "at the end of a long agitation, resulting in a very considerable change of sentiment among both men and women." Women still retain the right to vote at school elections in Michigan, but any further extension of the suffrage to the sex is, in the *Tribune's* opinion, far in the future.

As one more instance of the way the American manufacturer has to be protected against his foreign competitors, the *American Stationer* cites a statement made by Mr. Johann Faber of Nuremberg in regard to the difficulties which he is encountering in his European trade through the underselling of American lead-pencil manufacturers. He said that England was "flooded with cheap American pencils" to such an extent that his product had no chance of a sale. American cedar pencils are sold in England at from sixty-six to sixty-eight cents a gross—a price which the Germans cannot touch. This only shows how flagrantly Herr Faber has been deceived. If he had looked into the American tariff laws, in which the duties are never higher than are absolutely needed to withstand foreign competition, he would have seen that the rate on lead pencils is 50 cents a gross and 30 per cent. ad valorem additional. This amounts to about 130 per cent. of indispensable protection, and hence it is clear that the Germans can undersell the Americans by fully that margin. Yet it is just possible that the profound German mind is on the track of that great beauty of protection which consists in reserving the blessings of dear goods and high prices for its own people, and which ruthlessly degrades the foreigner by selling him the same goods at a ruinously low figure.

Mr. Asquith, who is unquestionably the coming man on the Liberal side in England, has been making a speech at Glasgow which has attracted a more than usual amount of attention, because it contains what may be considered the Liberal programme. He positively promised the passage at the present session of Parliament of the parish-councils and employees' liability bills, and then proceeded to discuss the defeat of the home-rule bill by the House of Lords, declaring that there "was no greater fallacy than to imagine that the House of Lords affords any effective safeguard against rash and revolutionary legislation." He illustrated this proposition by the promptness with which the Lords passed two of the most revolutionary measures ever introduced into the House of Commons, one the repeal of the corn laws, the other the extension of the suffrage in 1867—which Lord Derby called "a leap in the dark." Both these measures were introduced by ministers pledged to resist them, but the Lords passed them without hesitation, so that Mr. Asquith says they never resist rash legislation unless it is introduced by Liberals. Ridiculing the notion that the Lords have the people of England at their back, he calls attention to the fact, for fact it is, that the conversion of the large Tory majority of 1886 into the Liberal majority of 1892, on the home-rule question, came almost exclusively from England. In Ireland the Liberals lost two seats; in Scotland they gained four or five, but the majority by which the home-rule bill was finally passed came from a change of opinion in England only. He claimed that in discussing the details of the home-rule bill for eighty-two days, the House of Commons conceded the principle, and "that the whole difficulty between us arises in a manipulation of comparatively small points of legislative details." He concluded with the declaration that if, as Mr. Goschen advised, they were "to drop home rule," the Liberals "would be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty and dishonorable violation of pledge." But he did not say when the bill would be introduced again.

The fighting at Melilla is peculiarly well fitted to fire the Spanish heart. Besides being in line with the traditional glory of smiting the followers of Mohammed, it revives the memory of O'Donnell's successful campaign in Morocco in 1859-'60—an expedition which has served for food for Spanish boasting ever since. In addition is the certainty that a military triumph can be won in the end at a comparatively small outlay of treasure and blood, and that Spain may again appear, at slight cost to herself, to be cutting a considerable figure in European-African politics. Further must be reckoned in the solid military qualities which the recent desperate fighting seems to prove to be still inherent in the Spanish character, recalling the proud days of Charles the Fifth and the heroic period of the Napoleonic invasion, when the Spanish irregulars won an unequalled fame for valor and tenacity. There can be no doubt that the Spanish ministry will find the country, impoverished though it is, responding cheerfully to the call for men and money needed to secure and possibly to extend Spanish possessions in the north of Africa.

A recent prosecution for lese-majesty in Würtemberg had some peculiar features. A delegation of peasants, from a region suffering terribly from drought, visited the capital to lay their distress before the King, choosing as their spokesman the village doctor, named Hartmann. King William refused to receive them, whereupon Dr. Hartmann published an account of the affair in a popular newspaper, adding that the King's ministers were at fault for having advised his Majesty not to listen to "unpleasant truths from the mouths of his subjects," and that they were "sleeping upon a volcano." This was too much for a monarch brought up in Berlin, under the high and mighty idea of the divine right of sovereigns now prevalent in that capital, and accordingly the daring doctor and the equally audacious editor who let him into print were promptly hauled up for lese-majesty. To say that the King's subjects had "unpleasant truths" for the royal ear was a clear implication that the King had been doing something wrong—an absurd and impious supposition on its face. To talk about anybody sleeping on a volcano in a country blessed by so mild and beneficent a monarch was clearly incendiary and a direct insult to the good King, who, if he had his way, would have all his dear subjects sleep on (or under) nothing more dangerous than a German feather bed. Such, at least, were the contentions of the King's counsellors, but they were unhappily made short work of by the courts, which decided that the right of free speech and discussion had not been exceeded by either doctor or editor. Thus the effort of the King to strut at Stuttgart as the Emperor does at Berlin only served to show how thoroughly the divine-right props are knocked from under modern thrones.

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EXIT SILVER.

THE prolonged contest over silver has ended—as was inevitable if the majority of the Senate should stand firm and spurn every compromise—in the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. Unfortunately this will not be the last of silver in American politics, but the future controversies over it will be with reference to the disposition of the stock on hand. There will be no more contests over free coinage or over new purchases. Silver will be no longer a persecuted sister, but an inconvenient ghost. From time to time we shall look at our enormous store of the white metal, and wonder how we ever became so bereft of reason as to buy it. How France, and Germany, and Austria came to have more of it than they want is easily understood. Their holdings descended from former generations. Their silver coins were really the "dollars of the fathers." Ours are our own dollars. Our fathers had no such dollars. They got rid of theirs in 1834. When the monetary revolution of 1870-76 was going on in the commercial world, why did we go backward? Why did we seek to stem the tide and put ourselves in opposition to a wholesome reform?

To answer this question we must go back to the legal-tender act of 1862. This act has been the parent of all the bad monetary legislation that the country has suffered from in the past thirty years. It planted in the public mind the idea that the Government could make money. It eradicated to a large extent the true conception that the Government's stamp on a coin is merely a certificate of its weight and fineness. The greenback, apparently, gave the lie to all such antiquated notions. Did not the greenback pay debts as well as gold? Did it not answer all the purposes of gold, except the single one of paying debts abroad? Was it not an advantage to have a kind of money that could not be exported? These and a great progeny of half-truths and quarter-truths secured extensive lodgment in the minds of the people, so that when the war was ended a demand for more greenbacks became ominous. "Don't you want to have plenty of money?" asked the demagogues of the day. Plenty of money signifies ease, luxury, freedom from care, and everything that this world can afford. Next to the hope of heaven, and sometimes far transcending it, is the desire for plenty of money.

To those who took the opposite view was assigned the task of proving that an addition to the paper currency would not add anything to the quantities of bread and meat, clothes, shoes, coal, lumber, and other commodities. The battle continued till 1874-5 with varying fortunes. Then President Grant vetoed the inflation bill and the people sustained the veto. This was the first knock-down for sound money, and here the battle would have ended but for an unexpected and calamitous circumstance, the like of which had never been seen in the world's history. The price of silver as compared with gold fell 11½ per cent. in the space of three years. During the previous two hundred years it had fallen only 7 per cent. Here was material for a new campaign of inflation and for a fresh appeal to the "debtor class." When it was discovered that the silver dollar had been legislated out of existence in 1873 (having been out of existence *de facto* nearly forty years), the discovery added fuel to the flames. The charge of fraud, of bribery and underhand legislation, was brought against the Congress of 1873 even by men who had been members of it and had voted for the act in question. There has hardly been such a disgraceful and unfounded libel in American history. In spite of repeated proofs that it was a false and calumnious charge, it has survived and has found men shameless enough to repeat it in the national Capitol within two months.

The arguments which were used to beat down greenback inflation would not serve the purpose as against silver, because that was a metal produced by labor in limited quantities, although rather larger than before. The fact that it was larger added zest to the campaign. "The larger the better," said the silverites, "the more the merrier." With these catchwords they carried the day and have held their supremacy in national politics for fifteen years. The "gold-bugs" told them that a panic would come whenever the public should apprehend that the pile of silver in the Government vaults could not be kept at par with gold, but this was so long in coming that most people thought it never would come.

It came a few months ago. The clock struck on the day when it was rumored from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury would not use the $100,000,000 gold reserve to redeem Treasury notes, but only the old greenbacks for which it was first accumulated. This meant that there would soon be two kinds of money in the country, one at par with gold and the other not so. Although this story was quickly contradicted by the President's authority, it found lodgment in the public fears, because it was something which had been long though vaguely apprehended. People began to clutch at their money. The panic so long foretold had come at last, and from that moment silver was doomed. It is doubtful if a vote in either branch of Congress has been changed by arguments. The victory is due to the overwhelming compulsion of facts, the pitiless stringency of the money market. The people have learned at last that it is confidence which makes money plenty, and the lack of it which makes money scarce. They have learned, too, that gold and confidence go hand in hand the world over. Why it is so, it is needless to inquire. If gold is universally acceptable and silver is not, that fact is sufficient unto itself. To argue against it, to fight against it, is as idle as to combat the public preference for straight noses over crooked ones.

Greenback inflation made the war more costly to the Government by $800,000,000 than it would otherwise have been. This is the computation of first-rate authorities in finance. The silver craze, which is the second chapter of greenback inflation, has loaded us with $600,000,000 of unavailable assets, and has virtually added that amount to the national obligations, not counting cost of coining and guarding the stuff. The next problem in national finance will be to devise a banking system which shall gradually supersede all the Government paper afloat and give us a currency responsive to the wants of trade. When silver takes its final exit, this task will not be difficult. All classes will be alike interested in it. Prejudices against banks will disappear. These prejudices were an outgrowth of the inflation craze. Bankers, as a rule, understanding these questions better than the community at large, were opposed to all the unsound schemes. Their influence was thrown against greenback inflation back in the seventies, and against its lawful progeny, silver. Hence they acquired the hate of greenbackers and silverites and the persecution of Congressmen. But this too shall pass away.

SOUTHERN LYNCHING.

THE editor of the *Forum* has obtained from Chief-Justice Bleckley of Georgia a very strong condemnation of lynching from the jurist's standpoint, and he adds to it a discussion of the matter from what he conceives to be the negro's standpoint. But there is one matter which all the Southern writers on this subject neglect, and that is the frequency of the offence which for the most part brings about the lynching of negroes. This is a capital point, because, if the thing were extremely frequent, it might be pleaded that the ordinary police arrangements of the communities in which it occurred were insufficient to deal with it. Bishop Haygood and Dr. Hoss gave us to understand, in a vague way, that the offence was very common, but refrained from saying how they knew it was very common. Neither of them made the slightest attempt at figures, or cited any better authority than vague rumors, circulated doubtless by horror-stricken women, or by the mobs who do the lynching and have to provide some justification of their conduct when they get home.

Our own belief is, that the offence is very rare. A few cases here and there over the vast area of the South doubtless occur in the course of the year—

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probably about as many as occur at the North, and the imagination of the whites does the rest. Every one likes to add something to the tale of horror, as it increases his importance. The man who knows of five cases of negro outrage on white women is of course, for the time being, a "bigger man" than the man who has heard of only one, and thus the ghastly list grows till it reaches the editor of some newspaper, who multiplies it by ten. What is needed at the South is some process of official investigation and enumeration. Reports of negro violence ought to be hunted down and analyzed and the result published. The negroes themselves ought to have enough influence to bring this about. We suspect the count would make a great many people ashamed of themselves—including the editors of religious newspapers who claim for mobs the privilege of "emotional insanity."

The other agency which, added to the vagueness about figures, does most to keep this negro lynching going at the South is touched on lightly—too lightly—by the editor of the *Forum* himself, and that is the feeling that any sort of violence is justifiable if perpetrated on behalf of or in defence of women, "our women," or Woman with a capital W. One of the sure marks of the old Southern ante-bellum bully, and of the swashbuckler of the eighteenth century in every country, was his perpetual alarm about the honor of his women. His uneasiness on this point was always his most striking characteristic, and made his near neighborhood, when he had women under his care, something from which the quietest and most pure-minded male might well shrink. His readiness to fight with his equals about his women naturally begot a readiness to avenge all wrongs on them, *manu militari*. It is not very long since a South Carolina colonel "called out" and shot dead a lawyer of the same State for impugning his wife's veracity as a witness in a trial about a will. The curious feature of this case was, that the lawyer felt himself obliged by public opinion to accept the challenge, although he knew the colonel never missed his mark.

This supersensitiveness about women probably plays a larger part in the lynching troubles than most Southern moralists are willing to acknowledge. It is one of the marks, however, of a state of civilization which has passed away in other communities, and must pass away in the South. The notion that women, for instance, can "dishonor" other people by their conduct is uncivilized, and is fast dying out. That every human being is the guardian of his own honor is the larger and wiser doctrine under which all civilized states are learning to live. The notion that women cannot, like men, live under the law and trust to the law for their safety, honor, and welfare is another relic of barbarism of which the South must rid itself. There are cases, of course, where the strong hand of the man has to interfere for the protection of female weakness, but they are not more numerous than the cases in which the big strong man has to help the small and puny man against the insolent bully. Women are everywhere taking their place under the law as physically weak men, and the law has to take care of them as such, and popular manners are adapting themselves to the change. Women themselves are the last to ask for the services of roving mobs for their protection against any form of outrage. The courts and police suffice, and must suffice, for the purpose. The women of the North, or of England and France, dispense with the services of lynching parties by means of extra care in their goings and comings, with the certainty that the law will overtake all wrongdoers. For what can be more demoralizing to sheriff or police than the belief that mobs will do their work?

THE SUPPRESSION OF IMMORAL LITERATURE.

An international congress against immoral literature—probably the first of its kind—was held at Lausanne, September 12 to 14. The eighty delegates present were united and emphatic upon the extent of the evil they had met to combat, but gave no signs of supernatural wisdom in the practical remedies they were able to suggest. In fact, the only thing they really decided to do was to do nothing—unless the agreement to establish an international "bureau of vigilance" may be regarded as better than nothing. Propositions were indeed made of every conceivable kind and degree of impracticability. One excited delegate was for having the authors of immoral books seized bodily and made to erase their offensive writings with their own tongues, after the ancient method of dealing with heretics. A Belgian member of the congress solemnly proposed that editors of reputable newspapers should agree to "exclude from their association" any fellow-editor who disgraced it; overlooking the fact that it is the non-reputable editors who are in a position to do the excluding, and that it would be just like the rascals, even if in a minority, not to go nor give up their rascality when ordered to do so by resolution. There was a great deal of talk, too, about the need of a strict enforcement of the laws against obscene books and periodicals, and about supplying good literature to supplant the bad, but nothing came of it all except the chance afforded the speakers to free their minds.

Nevertheless, the Lausanne Congress served a useful purpose in bringing into strong relief the fundamental difficulties in the way of suppressing immoral literature. The first is the impossibility of defining accurately what is immoral literature. There is, of course, a general agreement about the flagrant forms of obscene literature, which carry their grossness and their evil purpose on their face. Every civilized country has stringent laws against commerce in that kind of provocation to vice, and it everywhere has to be carried on clandestinely, if at all. But as soon as we try to extend our definition so as to make it cover the subtler forms of prurient literature, we break down. When the evil is disguised, and resides in the covert suggestion or the latent intention, it cannot be reached except by legislation which may be used against the harmless as well as the pernicious. The sort of danger we are exposed to, when thus on the border-land between the unmistakably indecent and the dubiously immoral, was shown in the Lausanne Congress by one delegate—it is needless to say he was from England—who told of his labors for the suppression of an illustrated edition of Rabelais and of another immoral French book, 'Paul and Virginia'!

The truth is, it is utterly impossible to reach this form of evil by any law, municipal, national, or international. To execute a law which would be effective against the elusive forms of immoral literature without being an instrument of tyranny, would require, in the authorities set for its interpretation and enforcement, a critical and æsthetic faculty and a moral sense such as the world has never yet seen in officialdom, or out of it, for that matter. Such a law would necessarily vest a great amount of discretion in the executive officer, which is only another way of saying that it would allow the executive officer to give his own subjective view of what was immoral the force of a statute. We should straightway have a burning of books more disastrous than Omar's, and should speedily be reduced to a literary diet which might be guaranteed to be moral, but which would be mightily like sawdust and water. Moreover, even supposing a law could be devised delicate enough to reach existing fashions of unwholesome allusion and inflammatory suggestion, a new dialect of immorality would be at once invented to take the place of the old one, and so the work would have to be done all over again. Even to the Lausanne delegates it was obvious that this would never do.

They were nearer on the track when they dwelt upon the need of driving out bad books with good. The example of the "Société Franklin" of France was held up for imitation, with its earnest attempts to get good literature into circulation. But a great deal of solemn truth on this subject was condensed in the remarks of the head rabbi of Geneva, who was a member of the congress. He reminded his hearers that good books were not made to order. It is not enough to say, "Go to, let us have a library of unexceptionable books to put into the hands of the rising genera-

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tion." First get your books, and then, what is still harder, get your readers. "The good book," said this Nathan the Wise, "is too often the stupid book"; and he might have added that to force a young person to abandon an interesting book which may be dangerous, for a safe book which is infinitely tedious, is only to escape one kind of immorality by falling into another. It is a truth, which many excellent people fail to perceive, that what really gives some objectionable books their hold is their wit and grace and literary charm, and not at all the regrettable features which hide everything else to certain eyes. Nothing could be more deadly than to confound moral literature with the prosy preaching of morals.

The sum of the whole matter appears to be that there is no way of getting rid of all forms of immoral literature. This temptation will always remain in the world, as far as we can see, to beset unformed characters, and must be met, like all the other constant temptations of life, by bracing the individual to withstand it. Healthy sentiment and pure taste in the reading public will be surer death to corrupting books than all the laws which the wit of man can devise.

THE COPYRIGHT CONFERENCE IN BARCELONA.

BARCELONA, October 7, 1893.

THE Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale boasts an illustrious founder, Victor Hugo, who presided at the conference of organization held in Paris in 1878, in connection with the Universal Exposition. Since that time there have been yearly reunions in different cities in the following order: London, Lisbon, Vienna, Rome, Amsterdam, Brussels, Antwerp, Geneva, Madrid, Venice, Paris for the second time, in 1889, in connection with the Société des Gens de Lettres, upon the occasion of the Exposition of that year; London again in 1890, Neuchâtel, and Milan. In addition to these fifteen regular sessions, there have been two extraordinary sessions held in Berne, in September, 1883, and October, 1889.

As appears from the above list, two conferences had already been held in the Iberian peninsula; and why Spain should have been selected for this year's meeting is not apparent. It could hardly have been for the sake of the propagation of the ideas of the association, for Spanish literary-property legislation is already in some respects—notably as regards the length of the term of copyright protection—in advance of that of other European countries. Moreover, the city chosen offers few special attractions. It is not at all typically Spanish, even the old part having been so much invaded by modern constructions as to retain its characteristics only in secluded corners. With an aspect distinctly that of a flourishing commercial town, it belongs to what has been called the "Mediterranean type," lacking, however, the picturesqueness of Genoa. A certain beauty, even magnificence, the city possesses, with its lively and attractive boulevard of the Rambla, and still more beautiful Paseo de Colón, with its double row of fine palm trees and abundance of shrubs and flowers. The new town, which has been built within twenty-five years, makes a good impression because of its broad and tree-lined avenues. This part of Barcelona possesses one characteristic peculiar to itself. The streets all cross at right angles, and at every crossing the corners of the blocks have been sliced off so that each crossing becomes a small square. The effect of this is fine, but the excessive regularity of the solidly built-up streets, lined with six-storied apartment-houses, is monotonous. Aside from the fine cathedral, the Casa Consistorial, and old Palacio de la Disputación y Audiencia, there is little to attract the sightseer. The University building is modern and not particularly interesting.

A characteristic local note was the frequent remindings that the visitors were welcomed, not to Spain, but to Cataluña, and that they were among Catalans. But the hospitality extended, whether Spanish or Catalan, was lavish. The reception and entertainment of the members of the Congress was intrusted to the "Associación de Publicistas" (Press Association), and most liberally were these duties construed. The guests were serenaded on their arrival and departure, and during their stay were supplied with free passes for all the tramway lines and suburban trains, as well as with tickets to the theatres, and cards of admission to the literary clubs. Five public dinners were tendered, one involving an all-day excursion to the country-seat of an opulent Catalan at the hillside village of Vallvidrera, where were enjoyed extensive and beautiful views, with the Mediterranean upon one side and Montserrat upon the other. There were public sessions of inauguration and closure, and, for the evenings, club receptions and specially arranged theatrical performances—among the latter an evening devoted to original Catalan plays. The result was that although the Conference extended from Saturday to Saturday (September 23 to 30), inclusive, there remained time for only nine working sessions, insufficient for the work planned.

On Saturday afternoon, September 23, an informal meeting was held in one of the rooms of the University Library, for the purpose of introducing the members of the Conference to one another, and of laying before them the printed reports of committees, and announcing the programme for the working sessions. On Sunday morning the troops were reviewed from the balcony of the University, and it was just at the conclusion of this parade that there occurred the one event which threw a shadow upon the sunny days of the Barcelona Conference—the throwing of the bombs under the horse of Gen. Martinez Campos. Fortunately the general escaped with such slight concussions that he could participate in the public reception three hours later. In the afternoon the official inauguration took place in the Paraninfo—the richly decorated audience hall of the University. The exercises began more than an hour after the appointed time, an example of Spanish punctuality. It was characteristically Spanish, also, to account for the rather slender audience, notwithstanding the great number of tickets of invitation distributed, by the explanation that the hour of the meeting was such that attendance would interfere with the usual Sunday's *corrida de toros*. The mayor of Barcelona delivered, in Spanish, an address of welcome, which was afterwards distributed to the audience in a French translation. He was followed by other Spanish dignitaries, and responded to by members of the association, who, for the most part, spoke in French, but two Germans won hearty applause by speaking in good Spanish.

On Monday morning began the working sessions, also held in the Paraninfo, between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M. and 2 and 5 P. M. The attendance was at no time large, and the business of the sessions proceeded with an apparent briskness, due in part to the quick movements and rapid speech of the French delegates. But a certain amount of informality reigned, and there was no limitation either of the frequency of speech or the length of the remarks, while interruptions were common, and occasionally four or five persons would be speaking and gesticulating at the same time. Besides the president of the association, M. Eugène Pouillet, the author of a learned work on literary property, the persons in attendance whose active participation must be considered of the highest importance to the progress of copyright were M. Henri Morel of Berne, Switzerland, director of the Bureau of the International Union for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property; M. Desjardins, delegate from the Ministry of Public Instruction of France; M. Chaumat, delegate from the French Ministry of Justice; Sig. Augusto Ferrari of Milan, representing various Italian literary associations; M. Jules Lermina, the perpetual secretary of the association, and Don Adolfo Calzado, a member of the Cortés of Spain. In a second group might be placed the younger men showing an active interest in copyright legislation, chiefly lawyers, rising literary men, or publishers, such as MM. Georges Harmand, Albert Vaunois, Ernest Eisenmann, Armand Ocampo, Lucien Layus, Georges Maillard, and Victor Souchon of Paris, and Dr. Albert Osterrieth of Heidelberg; while a third division would include the remaining members, for the most part literary men or artists whose greater or less interest in the proceedings of the congress is primarily due to their vocations—prominent among these being Dr. Max Nordau, the dramatist Grenet Dancourt, the brilliant young novelist Marcel Provost, M. Jules Oppert, the artist J. Davrigny, and Dr. Gustav Diercks of Berlin.

It is noticeable that while the association has skirted Germany, it has abstained from entering upon the territory of that empire, and this fact, together with some other evidence, leads to the conviction that, despite the word international in its title, the organization is still dominatingly French. At the Barcelona Conference the members bearing German names were found to be chiefly German literati living in Paris; and while there were representatives present from Belgium, Germany, Italy, and, of course, Spain, I fancied I detected in this non-French contingent a note of opposition. Great Britain sent no representative, and there was no one from the United States except your correspondent, who, while a member of the Authors' Copyright League, was present solely in his private capacity. In view of the object of the association, as declared in its constitution, "to defend and propagate the principle of international literary and artistic property," and in consideration of its primary practical purpose, viz., the unification of the legislation of the world regarding copyright, it is much to be desired that it should assume a truly international character.

The programme embraced the following subjects for discussion: (1) Translations; (2) contracts between authors and publishers; (3) the registration of copyrights at Stationers' Hall, London; (4) literary property in the South American States; (5) on the term of copyright; (6) on property in architectural designs; and (7) on the desirability of establishing at Berne a general registration of all works

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upon which copyright is claimed in any of the countries of the International Copyright Union. In addition, there was to be an Essay on Catalan Literature, by Don Salvador Poggio of Barcelona.

The rector of the University, Don Julián Casaña, opened the first session with a brief address of welcome, and the secretary of the association followed, reporting on copyright movements in general during the year which had passed since the last conference. The president then read a report, by L. Lyon-Caen of Paris, on the right of translation, which was taken up with much interest, and the sense of the meeting was expressed by a resolution in favor of giving to authors control over the translation of their works for a minimum period of twenty years. The second topic was introduced by Don Antonio Torrents y Monner of Barcelona, who read a carefully prepared paper on contracts for publication, which elicited favorable comment. In the afternoon session the subject was continued by the consideration of M. Pouillet's printed report on a "Projet de contrat d'édition," and by a conscientious discussion, paragraph by paragraph, of the accompanying draft for a general code of law to govern the relations between authors and publishers in cases where no special contract existed between them.

The twenty-seven articles of this bill occupied the two sessions of Tuesday as well, but this considerable allotment of time was not disproportionate when the practical importance of the matter under discussion is considered. It may be said to be just now the burning question in relation to literary property, and is being agitated in France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Sweden, with a view to securing desirable legislation. M. Pouillet points out, in his interesting report, how especially necessary on behalf of the young writer—the author who approaches a publisher with his first book—is the existence of some law which shall secure his rights, in the far too common case of his having surrendered his literary production for publication without any definite contract with his publisher. But the difficulties in the way of evolving an international code of law governing literary and artistic publication are very great. The practices which have grown up in the different countries with regard to publication are so dissimilar that it would seem almost impossible to formulate a law of general application. It seems manifest, also, that the successful elaboration of such a project would require the sympathetic coöperation of an association or committee of publishers, and this last cannot be said to have been fully secured at the Barcelona Conference.

The discussion in Wednesday morning's session turned on the interesting question of what should be the period of copyright protection, a lengthy report being submitted by the novelist Armand Ocampo, entitled: "Rapport sur un projet d'unification de la durée du droit de propriété attaché aux œuvres de l'esprit." The report concluded with a series of votes, of which the following are the most important: (1.) That the duration of the protection in the case of intellectual production should be uniform in all countries; (2) that this term, if it must be limited, should be a fixed period of one hundred years from the date of the first publication of the work; and (3) that in the near future this provisionary term should be extended to perpetuity. These resolutions gave rise to a lively debate, several members defending the author's right to a perpetual property in his production, and others objecting to the term proposed as retrogressive, on the ground that it might prove a shorter period than the possible term under the present law of Spain, which secures the intellectual property for eighty years beyond the life of the author, which last might easily exceed a period of twenty years after the publication of his book.

The next subject taken up was of as much interest from the bibliographical point of view as from the side of copyright protection. This was M. Jules Lermina's scheme for a general registration of all literary, artistical, theatrical, and musical literature published in the countries within the International Copyright Union. It was proposed to charge the bureau of the Union at Berne, Switzerland, with the establishment of a registry of titles and names of authors, and with the statistical tabulation of intellectual production, and also to authorize the bureau to furnish on demand certificates of original publication which should be considered proof in the law courts. There seemed to be unanimity of mind as to the desirability of such a central bibliographical bureau, but considerable divergence of opinion as to the practical measures for securing it. M. Lermina's interesting report closed with a resolution to the effect that it is desirable that the States of the Copyright Union should impose on all their authors or publishers the obligatory deposit of one copy of every work published, this condition, however, to rest independent of a recognition of the author's property in his book. One of the professors of the University of Barcelona, Don Odón de Buen y del Cos, read with excellent effect a paper in Spanish, pointing out what might be called the natural order of deposit of copies in relation to literary property. As a record of the literature of the author's place of nativity one copy should go to the public library of his province, a second be sent to the capital of the State to register the national literature, and a third deposited at Berne to mark the growth of the literature of the world.

The time set aside for working sessions proved too short to do justice to several interesting subjects upon the programme. Papers relating to topics such as property in portraits, concerning which a report had been prepared by Albert Vaunois, Lucien Layus, and Jean Lobel; property in architectural designs, with a report by Georges Harmond; and recent copyright movements in South America, with a report by Alcide Darras and Ernest Eisenmann, entitled "Du mouvement législatif en matière de droits intellectuels chez les peuples de langue espagnole ou portugaise," could only be laid before the Congress with scarcely any discussion. The matter of registration in England was not brought up at all, and two exceptionally interesting contributions had to be passed over in silence, one by Dr. Max Nordau on property in the titles of literary works ("De la propriété des titres au point de vue des œuvres littéraires"), and the other containing the draft of a proposed new copyright law for Germany, by Dr. Albert Osterrieth, which embodied some original ideas well worthy of consideration.

It would be well if the Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale could shortly hold a conference in the United States. It would afford an opportunity for correcting existing wrong impressions in the minds of foreign authors as to the actual law and practice under our present copyright statutes. On the other hand, the moral effect of the presence of a representative body of foreign authors seriously discussing copyright from the advanced standpoint of European thought on that subject would certainly be excellent, and would help to create fresh interest in the matter, and thus hasten the time for attempting such a revision of our copyright laws as would bring them more nearly into accord with the legislation of other civilized countries for the protection of intellectual productions. T. S.

THE TOURIST IN NORWAY.

FAGERLUND, September, 1893.

SOMEBODY has called Norway a "Switzerland by the sea," but, aside from the fundamental characteristics it must necessarily have in common with Switzerland as a mountainous country, nothing more different can be imagined. It is the charm of Norway that it is unlike anything else, that it has a character as distinctively Norwegian as Switzerland's is Swiss. It is utterly impossible to see it vicariously by visiting some other part of Europe. You may get its elements elsewhere, its lakes, and rivers, and waterfalls, its forests and fields, its barren rocks and its snow-covered mountains; it is their combination here that is new and makes Norway a thing apart. The fjords of the western coast are the part of Norway most frequently visited and described. They are easily accessible by steamer from England or Scotland, and in the great majority of cases they and the North Cape form the objective and only point of a Norwegian tour. Not only people who have never been there, but many who have, believe that this is all there is. Americans and Englishmen in plenty, after such a coasting voyage and an occasional short drive inland to enable them to get across to the head of another fjord to resume their trip by water, come away with the idea of having "done" Norway, when they have, in reality, seen but its outermost edge.

The proper way to see the country is to leave the steamer say at Molde or Naes, post down (by *cariole*, *stolkjaerre*, or *vogn*) through the glorious scenery of the Romsdal and the Gudbrandsdal, and take the steamboat on Lake Mjösen, the largest lake in Norway, and the railway into Christiania, and then go back again, first by rail, then by the little steamboat that pushes its way through the floating logs on the long and narrow Lake Spirillen, and by carriage, as before, through the lovely scenery of Valdres to Laerdal on the Sognefjord. The traveller in this way sees Norway in all its phases—its desolate and its fertile parts, its vegetation and its natural resources; and he will come away with some knowledge, at least, of the manners and customs of the people. If, fortunately, he hits upon a season when there is not too much rain, he will inevitably be fascinated by the country, no matter where he may have been before.

To the traveller accustomed to other European scenery Norway will possibly, at the outset, be deficient in one particular charm. There are very few old buildings in any part of it, and very few places that have for any but a Norwegian an historic interest. For those who care about that sort of thing it lacks, in short, on all sides, the picturesqueness of association. So far as I know, there are but two ruins in all Norway—the four arches of the old Hamar Cathedral and the meagre remains of a Cistercian monastery on the Hovedö, near Christiania, both of which date from the twelfth century. There are stone churches at Christiania and Bergen; parts, at least, of the Cathedral at Throndhjem are ancient, and several wooden churches in various parts of the country are quite as old; but these complete the list. This

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result is, no doubt, partly owing to the fact that the principal building material has always been wood. While some few of the buildings, like the churches just mentioned, which were exceptionally built at the beginning and have been carefully kept at all times, have lasted down to the present day, the great majority have necessarily perished. Almost all of the Norwegian towns, besides, have been swept by fire again and again. The larger ones are now being gradually more substantially built of bricks and stucco, but the buildings of the farms and in the smaller villages are still almost wholly constructed of squared logs, which are then, in the better houses, covered with clapboards. They are guileless here, as yet, of the lath-and-plaster walls of an American frame house, although the exteriors are often astonishingly familiar.

There are in Norway, particularly in the country, many resemblances to America that strike the traveller. In various parts of rural Norway, but particularly in the south, it is not an uncommon thing to see white farmhouses with red barns and outbuildings, which at a distance look the very counterpart of those in America. The resemblance is, of course, only superficial, and is quickly dispelled by a nearer view, which discloses the multifarious buildings that are characteristic of a Norwegian farmstead in their peculiar grouping about the spacious court. In remote parts of the country the more ancient farm buildings, dingy with age, are often curiously carved, particularly on the door-posts and lintels. This is especially true of the *stabur*, a sort of glorified corncrib, which, for some reason or other, all over Norway, is the one building of the farm which has best preserved an antique appearance.

The farms themselves and farming methods have but little resemblance to ours. There are very few large holdings, and it is curious to note the divisions and subdivisions of land indicated by the lettered posts by the wayside. Much of the tilled land has been fairly wrested from natural conditions by an energy which it seems might have been elsewhere better applied. The bastions along the roadside, ten or twelve feet wide at the top, made of all sorts of stones picked off the land and piled up to get rid of them, are evidence in point. Little strips of field high up on a mountain side, so inaccessible that the scanty crop of hay must be sent down on wires, are frequent enough, and, on the upland meadows which are too steep for a wagon, it is the common custom to get the hay in on sledges that are often drawn by man-power. Farming under such circumstances is necessarily done by primitive methods, and there is little modern machinery even where it might be used. In many places, girls and women may be seen cutting oats and barley with a sickle, not seldom in comparatively large fields.

Some of the farming methods are peculiar. One of the first things to attract the attention in agricultural Norway is the long, upright frames on which the grass is dried; these make a hayfield look like a parade-ground, with the troops drawn up in irreproachable line. The plantations of gnarled birch trees, whose tender boughs with the leaves on are cut off and dried in late summer for winter fodder for the sheep, are a new element in the landscape. Peculiar, too, at least to the extent that prevails in Norway, is the summer *saeter* life. Regularly with the coming of St. John's Day, the 24th of June, the live-stock of the farms, the cows, sheep, goats, and swine, are driven off to the mountain pastures, where they are kept until early September, while the home fields are mown for their hay. Up at the *saeter* the girls who attend the cattle live in a very primitive fashion, often in a house with a single room which is dairy and living-room combined. The butter and cheese produced are not infrequently brought down on their backs, and the few necessaries of life are carried up in the same way. The grass of these mountain pastures, especially on the sunny slope of a valley, is short but astonishingly abundant, and the cattle thrive. Norway without the life of the *saeter* would lose some of its most characteristic charms of sight and sound. Every one who has been through the Norwegian mountains will call to mind the plaintive sounds of the cattle-horn echoing down through the woods from some high pasture, and the minor notes of the cattle-call: *Kuss! kuss! kuss! kom hjem!*

One other resemblance to rural America that impresses itself upon the traveller from these shores is the way in which the farmsteads are scattered about the country, and the comparative absence of villages. Norway, as a whole, is very sparsely inhabited, partly owing to the nature of the country itself, and partly to the drift of the population to America. Long stretches are uninhabited, and the roads wind for miles without interruption through dense forests of tall, yellow-trunked pines, and spruces that have their equal for luxuriance of growth nowhere else in the world. There is a strange absence of animal life in these regions. A squirrel occasionally runs across the road, but there are few birds and no songsters. Norway in this respect is strangely silent. There were skylarks in the meadows in July, but they soon disappeared, and the only birds commonly left, besides the sparrows and the familiar little wagtails, were the ash-gray crows and the magpies, who seemed to have entered upon an alliance and were often seen to fly and feed together.

In spite of the sparseness of population and the comparative poverty of the country, the roads of Norway are scarcely surpassed by those of any other part of Europe. Of late years vast sums have been expended in this direction with superb result. Yearly, new districts are taken in hand, and the old roads are either straightened and levelled, or, in many cases, abandoned outright. It is an admirable country for bicycling; and wheelmen and wheelwomen, also, are met everywhere. Norway in most respects is not behind the rest of the world. There are few railways, to be sure, but such a recent appliance as the telephone is used all over the country to an extent that is absolutely unknown in America, and charges for it and the telegraph are astonishingly cheap. In most respects, although a peasant population is naturally conservative, ideas of all kinds penetrate rapidly through Norway, and this we may largely ascribe to an abundant and wide-awake journalism. In the present political conditions there is, in this way, a peculiarly active exchange of opinion throughout the land, which, under a calm exterior, is really undergoing a period of storm and stress whose intensity is utterly unsuspected unless one purposely looks for it.

At the time of my coming to Norway, all eyes were fixed upon the Storthing in Christiania, and the pending consular question was, for the time being, to the Norsemen, the most vital matter in the world. Outside of the newspapers, the two political parties kept their temper admirably. There were, almost as a matter of course, journalistic recriminations of the old familiar sort, and charges and countercharges which nobody believed. A Conservative did say once in my hearing that he wished that Ullmann, the Radical president of the Storthing, might be providentially and suddenly removed, but I have heard Englishmen speak much more disrespectfully of Gladstone. The popular attitude towards Sweden was less constrained and was often freely expressed. The feeling against Sweden is sometimes very bitter, and the Swedes themselves not seldom by their own actions help on a sentiment that, to say the least, is unfortunate. As far back as 1814, one of the Swedish commissioners then in Norway engaged in negotiations looking towards the election of Charles XIII. as King of Norway wrote to Bernadotte of *l'irritation enfantine de cette nation*, and I heard a Swede use the very term who was probably utterly unaware of any historical precedent. The Norwegians—that is, some Norwegians—in much the same way speak sneeringly of the "great Swedes." The feeling has actually grown among certain classes of the people into a traditional attitude of hatred on the one side and of contempt on the other. The most violent partisan that I saw in Norway was a little man who afterwards turned out to be a commercial traveller. I met him on the boat on Lake Mjösen, where he had a deck passage. He informed me that if he had a son he would show him the way to the Swedish frontier, with a rifle on his shoulder, and tell him to shoot five Swedes. Five, he explained when I questioned him, he thought would be one man's share. Such acrimony, however, is not frequent. After the dissolution of the Storthing the agitation and excitement soon calmed down, and the situation resembled the usual state of midsummer politics elsewhere. The members of the Storthing, with a view, doubtless, to a possible reëlection, addressed their admiring constituents in the schoolhouses throughout the country. Up at the large and fashionable sanitorium in the Gausdal, a little later on, an ex-cabinet minister and the leader of the Right might have been seen playing the game of bowls they call *boccia*, while a Swedish admiral looked approvingly on. At that very time, lower down the valley, at Björnson's estate, Olestad, a new element had come into the life of the nation—little Manfred Ibsen, the grandson of the two poets Björnson and Ibsen, whose voice, if he inherits the characteristics of both grandfathers, will by and by be loud in the land.

The time for a visit to Norway is early in the summer season, say, from the middle of June to the end of August. By the first of September the tourist tide has turned and many of the conveniences of travel disappear. The season is short at the best, for winter comes early and lingers late. What it is like when it fairly sets in, the immense wooden snowploughs, tilted up by the roadside at short distances all over Norway, unmistakably tell.

W. H. C.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

PARIS, October 12, 1893.

DURING the last years of the Second Empire, I hardly ever went to the opera without seeing Théophile Gautier in the place which he had chosen and which he invariably occupied—a stall in the middle of the first line of stalls that fill the inclined part of the pit, which rises towards the boxes of the first tier. There he was, in the centre of the immense hall, looking like a good old lion, half asleep, with his long, flowing, manelike hair. He never came for anything except the ballet; he looked through

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his half-shut eyes on the evolutions of the ballet as if he were in a dream. There was nothing coarse in his admiration of the human forms which were moving before him and which looked to him almost unreal: he was old and careworn; the ballet was to him a sort of ideal recreation. He never ceased to be the poet of *form*, of "l'art pour l'art." Théophile Gautier was in truth a poet, though he was not a poet of the highest order; he materialized ideas and feelings more than he idealized matter. He was an artist in words, and he liked to play with them with a consummate skill. He never expressed any deep emotions, any sublime sentiments; the moral world seems to have been to him a *terra incognita*. He remained to the end what he had been in the days of his youth, full of a certain sort of animal admiration for the splendors of the world, and ignorant of its spiritual meaning.

He was born at Tarbes on the 31st of August, 1811. As he once said of himself: "Though I have spent my whole life in Paris, I have kept a meridional substratum." It was true. Born at the foot of the Pyrenees, of a family which came from Avignon (then subject to the Pope), he was a sort of foreigner in France. He was educated in Paris, in one of the great barracks of the University. When he left it, he tried first to become a painter, and entered the atelier of Rioult, near the Collège Charlemagne; but he soon abandoned art for literature. It was the time when Victor Hugo was proclaiming war against the Classic school. Gautier was one of the noisy and enthusiastic lieutenants of the great Romantic poet; he entered into notoriety at the first representation of "Hernani." Gérard de Nerval recruited young men in the Latin Quarter as *claqueurs* at this first representation; he gave six tickets to Théophile Gautier. For this occasion Gautier ordered a flaming red waistcoat. "One day," writes Maxime Du Camp, "I said to Theo [he was so called by his friends], 'You were famous very young.' 'Yes,' answered Theo, with the air of indifference which gave so much character to his pleasantries—'yes, very young; it was on account of my waistcoat.'"

This first representation of "Hernani" was the battle of Austerlitz for Victor Hugo; it was truly a battle. The young Romantics of the parterre, headed by Gautier and by Gérard de Nerval, actually almost came to blows with the Classics. When *Hernani* exclaims to *Ruy Gomez*, who has given *Doña Sol* as a hostage to the young *Don Carlos*:

"Vieillard stupide! il l'aime,"

somebody in the parterre, instead of "vieillard stupide," heard, or affected to hear, "vieil as de pique"! A great tumult arose, and the representation was nearly interrupted. To the end of his life, Théophile Gautier liked to give all the details of this representation: how with his friends he had to wait for eight hours in the darkened theatre. He continued ever faithful to his youthful admiration; he always looked on Victor Hugo with deep reverence; and when, under the Second Empire, he became a writer on the official paper of the Empire, he had the courage to speak admiringly of the author of the 'Châtiments,' though he had nothing to live upon but his salary.

At the age of nineteen he left the atelier and published his first volume—a small one—under the title of 'Poems.' Alas! it appeared on the 28th of July, 1830, the first day of the Revolution. He entered the "Cénacle," the club of the Romantic school, and, like the other members of this literary club, he wore long flowing hair and a beard (which was then contrary to fashion), a long pointed hat, and overcoat with broad facings and slender waists; this was the Romantic costume. In the novel 'Les Jeune-France,' which he wrote at the age of twenty-two, the new school is described, with its contempt for old things, old forms, old sentiments. "Remember this," says, for instance, a Young-France (we say now *fin de siècle* for a similar state of mind), "and put it in your judgment-box: 'One woman is as good as another, if she be only as pretty.'" These young men spoke of burning the Institute, of hanging for an example the last of the Classic poets. These young enthusiasts of the Cénacle are now well forgotten; only one made a name for himself—it was Gautier. The others spoke much and wrote little, and, as Rivarol says: "It is a terrible advantage to have done nothing, but you must not abuse it."

In one sense Gautier always bore the mark of the Cénacle: he was always—and it was one of the two causes of his failure in life—a Bohemian. Mürger has painted, in his 'Vie de Bohême,' the life of the young men who, filled half with animal spirits, half with the spirit of independence, made their lives a sort of perpetual carnival. Some of the Bohemians of 1830 had the sense to understand early that they were not in harmony with the general laws of a tyrannical society; many became ministers, ambassadors; like Balzac's Rastignac, they forgot their own part. Gautier, owing to his lazy nature, his real want of ambition, never tried to emerge from the ranks of the artistic and literary Bohemia; he never consented to wear the uniform of the world and to bear its tedium. He found at last, to his own detriment, that he had to undertake many duties without having any of the advantages which generally accompany duties. He became a slave to those duties, which, to do him justice, he never tried to shirk; he condemned himself to dull work entirely unworthy of him; he gave accounts of the most stupid vaudevilles and operettas in his theatrical *feuilletons;* he described very indifferent pictures in his Salons, and consoled himself only by recommencing, in his own colored style, the work of the painters, and showing that there was more life in his pen than there was in their brush.

I said that there were two things which became constant stumbling-blocks in his way: one was the remnant of the Bohemian which persisted in him from the days of the Cénacle and of "Hernani," the other was his novel, 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' which can only be called pornographic. Our time has become very lenient, and the author of 'Nana' has just made a sort of triumphal visit to England: Zola may some day force the door of the French Academy. Gautier never could do so. Mlle. de Maupin, half man, half woman, a mysterious creature that united the vices of the two sexes, always stood between him and the Academy. I found some difficulty in reading this much admired and much abused novel, and I must confess that I found it simply dull. I much prefer Gautier in his travelling notes, such as 'Tras los Montes,' which he wrote in Spain; and, after all, there is much truth in the axiom of the new school of painting, "Paint what you see." Gautier saw Spain; he never saw Mlle. de Maupin, and it is to be hoped that such a creature never existed. Far be it from me to reduce the artist to a thorough realism; but reality must be the foundation of all works of art. The poet says nothing to us if the sentiments he paints are not real. This brings me back to what I said at the beginning: Gautier was a poet, and it is a great pity that his poverty forced him to become a penny-a-liner. He showed his poetical faculties especially in a small collection of poems, called 'Émaux et Camées.' Some of these small poems are really jewels, and so impress themselves on the mind as never to be forgotten. They have a precision, a distinctness, a richness of color, which is really remarkable.

In 1836 Théophile Gautier entered on the staff of *La Presse*. "There," he says, "finished my happy and independent life." He became a slave of the *feuilleton*. He had already published 'Albertus' (1832), 'Les Jeune-France' (1833), the first part of the 'Grotesques' (1834), 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' (1835), and innumerable articles, of which the details may be found in a bibliographic work by Vicomte Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, a Belgian devotee of Théophile Gautier. When the *Journal Officiel* took the place of the *Moniteur Universel*, Gautier accepted the position of theatrical and art critic, and held it for thirty-six years. As an art critic he remained loyal to the ideas of the Romantic school; he treated Delaroche with the greatest severity. In 1833 he began for the *France Littéraire* a series of articles called "Les Grotesques." They were a sort of exhumation of such writers as Scarron, Scudéry, Cyrano de Bergerac, Villon, etc. Théophile Gautier never sold his pen; his eulogies were ever absolutely disinterested. He was not satisfied with the small salary paid him by Alexandre de Girardin, the millionaire editor of *La Presse*, and he sometimes thought of resigning. But he often said to Maxime Du Camp: "I have nothing else to live upon, and others have to live by my aid." Towards 1862 or 1863, Maxime Du Camp met Girardin at a watering-place. One evening they were sitting by each other, and Du Camp reproached Girardin for the harshness he had shown to Gautier in various circumstances.

"He looked at me," says Du Camp, "with his familiar impertinence. 'Gautier,' said he, 'is an imbecile who does not understand journalism. I placed a fortune in his hands; his *feuilleton* ought to have brought him thirty or forty thousand francs a year—he never got a sou out of it. There is not a theatrical manager who would not have paid him a salary on condition that he would be his mouthpiece. Since he has left the *Presse*, he is on the official paper of the Empire; he makes nothing out of it. I repeat, he is an imbecile who never could improve an opportunity.'"

We find in a letter written by Gautier to one of his sisters (December 17, 1858): "My sole regret is not to be richer and to give so little to you. . . . You know into what disgust at men and things I have fallen; I live only for those I love. . . . I wrote a *feuilleton* the day our mother died, and it helped me to pay for her burial." Gautier lived long enough to see the fall of the Empire, the invasion of France, and the Commune; he died at the age of sixty-one years, October 23, 1872.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN PRINTING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should be sorry to let any blame rest upon the shoulders of others which really ought to rest on mine. The faults, if they are faults, of orthography, punctuation, and capitalization which you have noticed in my little book on the United States are entirely mine.

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All three things are really in a very fluid state. The weakness of my hand, which obliges me to dictate, and a pair of old eyes have perhaps something to answer for.

I am able to compare the work of the American house of the Messrs. Cushing, who printed this book for Messrs. Macmillan, with that of the University Press at Oxford, of which I was one of the Delegates, and which is supposed to have arrived at perfection. I really do not see any inferiority on the side of the Messrs. Cushing.

Yours faithfully,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, October 30, 1893.

ADMISSION TO SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 19 your correspondent from New Orleans on "Entrance Examinations in Southern Colleges" suggests two or three interesting questions:

(1.) To what extent does the "tendency" "in the direction of the curriculum" in Southern colleges prevail? It would be certainly a valuable contribution to our working knowledge on that line if we could have a more detailed statement of the comparative movements in this direction of a larger number of Southern colleges, provided a more complete examination shows the movement to be as universal as your correspondent believes to be the case. In the University of North Carolina, for example—the oldest Southern college except William and Mary—no such tendency is manifest; but the trend has been rather towards such an elective system as is found in the majority of the best Northern institutions. In the A.B. course, for instance, the elective studies begin in the second year; and during the third and fourth years they increase, respectively, to nearly half, and considerably more than half, the total number of hours of work required.

(2.) Is it because of the lack of good secondary schools, or for what reason, that Virgil is required so rarely for admission to Southern colleges? Only seven of the twenty cases cited by your correspondent show any requirement at all in Virgil; and none but the University of North Carolina appears from the tabulated statement to have reached the usual Northern standard of six books of the Æneid. A similar question might be propounded concerning Homer.

(3.) What stands in the way of the organization of a *Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools* on a similar plan to that well-known association whose annual meeting has just closed at Yale University? Various beginnings point not only to the usefulness of such an association, but to its possibility in the immediate future. Your New Orleans correspondent mentions a meeting of delegates from South Carolina colleges. An association of North Carolina colleges has existed for two years. Moreover, experience, in this State at least, shows that the better academies and city public schools are eager to know and to reach the standard of admission set by the colleges. No one thing would raise so rapidly the grade of Southern preparatory schools as a steady and united insistence by Southern colleges on a more nearly uniform standard of admission. Nor is there any other one thing that would go so far to prevent so large a proportion of college students leaving college after one or two years. As it is now, men often find themselves deceived as to their relative advancement when they enter, and are unable in the long run to keep up with their classes.

Yours respectfully,

KARL P. HARRINGTON.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., October 23, 1893.

COLUMBIAN EXPECTORATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Happening to pass through the French section of one of the great buildings at Chicago, I saw a disconsolate exhibitor raising his hands in attitude of prayer towards a beautiful case in which were displayed a number of exquisitely artistic articles. I had the rudeness to interrupt his devotions: "Vous priez, monsieur?" He received my impertinence with imperturbable good nature, and replied in tragic accents: "Yes, sir, I am praying to the good God to send me back to France, away from these barbarians who are driving me crazy here in *Shicago! On crache partout!*" he added.

It was pathetically true. The great national vice of spitting was never more repulsively exhibited than at our splendid Exposition. Placards mildly requested visitors not to spit from the elevator-landing in the Liberal Arts Building, but to remember the human insects crawling below! In the Kansas Building you were similarly urged not to insult the life-like effigies of coyote and moose; but, in spite of it all, there was often a rain of saliva from above and a fringe of tobacco stains in the sacred enclosure. Everywhere men were spitting. I saw women indulging in the same vulgar vice. But it was not only Americans born: Germans and Turks, Russians and Samoans, Irishmen and Zulus, with equal effrontery, left their traces on corridor and rug, on sidewalk and car.

It was disgusting. But then there is room for optimism: only a little more than a hundred years ago Dr. Samuel Johnson, just returned from Paris, said: "The French are an indelicate people; they will spit upon any place." And when Boswell asked him: "Is not modesty natural?" Johnson replied: "I cannot say, Sir, as we find no people quite in a state of nature; but I think the more they are taught, the more modest they are. The French are a gross, ill-bred, untaught people; *a lady there will spit on the floor and rub it with her foot.*" (Boswell's 'Johnson,' Hill's edition, ii., 462; iii., 400). The French would therefore seem within a century to have learned manners. Is there not hope that Americans also will some time, though not in our generation, grow ashamed of such barbarism and make it a penal offence to spit? I know of one Harvard graduate who has his epitaph already composed in both Latin and English: "Here lies one who never spat upon the sidewalk."

I am, etc., N. H. D.

BOSTON, October 27, 1893.

Notes.

HENRY HOLT & Co. have nearly ready 'Novel Notes,' by Jerome K. Jerome; 'Days of Lamb and Coleridge,' by Alice E. Lord; and a translation of Karpeles's 'Heine,' by Arthur Dexter.

A sumptuous edition, in English, of Victor Hugo's 'Ruy Blas,' illustrated with etchings after paintings by Adrien Moreau, and limited to 500 copies, is announced by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

The new *édition de luxe* of the Standard Book of Common Prayer, of which we have already given an account, will soon be off the press of Theo. L. DeVinne & Co.

Macmillan & Co. promise shortly a volume on 'Irish Life and Character,' by W. R. Le Fanu, late Commissioner of Public Works in Ireland, and brother of the late J. Sheridan Le Fanu, the well-known novelist.

Brentano's has in preparation five more volumes of the "Petite Library" of biography of great musicians and poets. Wagner, Weber, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn are to be the subjects of these lives.

Pending the publication of the official Proceedings of the Parliament of Religions at the Columbian Exposition, the market is to be forestalled by "enterprise." We already have "a condensed report" of the speeches and papers under the title, 'The Religions of the World,' put out by the Latin Historical Society of Chicago; and now a "Narrative of the Grandest Achievement and of the Most Important Event in Modern Religious History" is to be given to the world by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago, under the title, 'The Parliament of Religions.' The writer is Prof. W. R. Houghton.

A Scotch professor of moral philosophy, who puts into the preface of his volume on 'Aspects of Theism' (Macmillan) a confession of great indebtedness to Matthew Arnold, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, and who takes up the various formal "proofs" of the existence of God with the frank warning to start with that they are philosophically "unsatisfactory," invites attention to himself as a novelty, if nothing more. These lectures by Prof. William Knight of the University of St. Andrews are, in fact, remarkable throughout for their candor and freedom from dogmatism in a field too often ravaged by it. The author's note may be gathered from these words in his final chapter: "Theistic evidence comes and goes; it is not, and cannot be, constant in any of its manifestations. There are not only many minds to which it does not appeal in any mood; there are also many subjective states in which even the most convinced theist has no realization of it." Darwin's parallel sentiment will occur to every reader.

The procession of reprints is endless. At the head of the section now in view on our table we may properly name the series already familiar to our readers—through Macmillan, the 'Pirate' in the Messrs. Black's Dryburgh edition of Waverley, and Fielding's. 'Amelia' (three volumes) and Anne Brontë's 'Tenant of Wildfell Hall' (two volumes) in Dent's admirable productions. Next in importance is the new Riverside edition of Thoreau's Works, the first uniform and the only complete, to embrace ten volumes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Some unprinted matter will be introduced, we are told, and the letters are not included in the scheme, being "reserved for separate and extended publication." Beginning is made with 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers' and with 'Walden,' the foundations of this writer's fame. The former volume has for frontispiece a copy of Rowse's crayon portrait of Thoreau (1854), with its Emersonian suggestiveness. These books are, we need not say, handsomely printed. In this particular, and in the binding, they conform to the much-prized editions of Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Longfellow proceeding from the same press and firm. Each is complete in itself and is properly indexed. As little as in the case of the foregoing need we speak of the contents of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' which bear the

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imprint of T. Y. Crowell & Co. They are, both, cheaply made and illustrated, and there is a fine assurance in mingling with the portraits in the Carlyle a loose latter-day fancy sketch and dubbing it "A Favorite of Louis XV." Charles Scribner's Sons have revived the Memoirs of Mme. Junot, in four volumes, well printed and sparsely illustrated with portraits. They fit in well with the present renewal of interest in and publications about Napoleon and his era; but, like the two-volume edition of the Messrs. Appleton in 1880, they lack the distinction of an index, which, in the case of memoirs particularly, would be an all-sufficient excuse for a new edition. This reproach cannot be laid at the door of the new impression of the 'Conversations of Lord Byron with the Countess of Blessington,' which forms an octavo volume of liberal typography, interspersed with several good if familiar steel portraits. Finally, we will mention with praise the neat two-volume edition of Frederika Bremer's 'The Home; or, Life in Sweden,' from the Knickerbocker Press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It will be seen from this summary how much attractiveness for the present generation our publishers (in the temporary default of literary creativeness) discern in works that delighted their fathers and grandfathers.

By way of postscript we may as well mention here the handful of "Literary Gems" from the press just named, in continuation of a series begun in past seasons. The little pocket volumes in question contain Ruskin's 'Ideas of Truth,' De Quincey's essay on 'Conversation,' Matthew Arnold's 'Study of Poetry,' D. G. Rossetti's sonnet sequence, 'The House of Life'; Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and sonnets; and Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Each of these booklets, except the last, has a portrait of the author.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's more than clever 'Handbook of English Cathedrals' (The Century Co.) is a reprint of the articles from the *Century Magazine* which were before reprinted in the handsome volume called 'English Cathedrals,' duly noticed by us. The only changes are apparently changes of detail. Some slips and errors are corrected, some paragraphs recast. Mr. Pennell's captivating drawings are thinned out, and those that remain, though sufficient for illustration, have lost much in clearness and brilliancy by the loss of the cut-paper and careful printing that set them off before. The book naturally suggests comparison, in fact, invites it, with King's larger 'Handbook.' It is much the more interesting, more shapely, and better adapted for general use, though it is also much less full and less valuable to students. It would be worth while to complete it by a second volume including the other dozen of the cathedrals of England, for it is probably the best thing of its kind—but its title is now a little misleading.

Mr. Denton J. Snider has taken upon himself the task of commenting on the "Literary Bibles" of the world, viz., Shakspere's dramas, 'Faust,' the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' and it remains to be seen what else. The present work, 'Dante's Inferno' (Chicago: Sigma Publishing Co.) is written in a somewhat exuberant style, not unlike that of a popular preacher, and is addressed to the masses, not to scholars. The comment is subjective in the extreme. Minds and tastes differ, and we can scarcely imagine those who know the great poem best finding in it quite what Mr. Snider reads there. It is impossible, however, to treat with disrespect such an earnest attempt to regard the 'Divine Comedy' as poetry, not as mere philology or history.

'The Repudiation of State Debts' is the title of a study in the financial history of twelve of our States by William A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). The history of twelve States is considered, and if the irredeemable currencies of the colonies were reckoned, the number might be swelled. In some cases what was called repudiation amounted to nothing more than refusal to acknowledge fraudulent claims, and in others to rejection of claims without legal validity, although possessing merit in equity. The particulars of all the acts of repudiation are stated with clearness by Mr. Scott, and though his discussion of the causes of and remedies for repudiation is not very profound, his work has a value in its collection of facts concerning some interesting and instructive episodes in State finance.

Admirers of the father of Mrs. Edith Emerson Forbes will be pleased to see the ancestral leaven producing a 'Children's Year-Book: Selections for Every Day in the Year' (Boston: Roberts Bros.). It is intended to affect children of from seven to fifteen years of age, by forming a "habit of reading each day at least a few sentences from the Bible, or some religious book," and so "cultivating the spirit of *reverence* which is usually found in young children, and can only be retained by cherishing; and the lack of it," Mrs. Forbes truly adds, "*is* the saddest characteristic of the young people of this generation." Like other similar collections, it is recommended for bedside reading perhaps before the volume is given into the child's hand to read for himself. Where it was easy, one observes an obvious fitness in the extracts, *e. g.*, in those for New Year's, February 22, April 19, July 4, December 22 and 25. Altogether, any parent, without regard to systematic use, should be glad to have this repertory of wholesome and elevating prose and verse at hand.

Mlle. Delphine Duval's 'Petite Histoire de la littérature française depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours' (D. C. Heath & Co.) is practically Petit de Julleville's 'Leçons de littérature française,' interlarded with extracts from or paraphrases of criticisms by Nisard, Brunetière, Lemaître, and Demogeot. Whole paragraphs are taken from Petit de Julleville, to such an extent that, were they excised and the contributions of the other authors named also removed, the book would be reduced to not much more than the table of contents, the signature of the scissors-and-paste-brush professor, and the claim to copyright. It is true that Mlle. Duval acknowledges that she has "gleaned" and has "not hesitated in copying the text itself" when, strange as it may seem, it expressed her ideas better than she could have done it, and that she has "consulted" some authors named, and "borrowed largely from Petit de Julleville." Still, when one compiles, one should not sign the work as one's own. If a college student handed in a theme "written" in a similar manner, what would be his or her lot, even at Mlle. Duval's hands?

Jean Moréas, the Symbolist poet, has brought out a new edition of 'Le Pèlerin passioné' (Paris: Vanier), into which he has introduced a number of new poems not different, in their inspiration and form, from those which he has withdrawn, and which are with others to form a separate volume. Moréas is not, perhaps, as difficult of comprehension as most of the singers of his circle, but he is not invariably clear, and while one cannot fail to perceive that he has genuine poetic feeling, the language in which he too frequently disguises his thought proves a stumbling-block to the uninitiated reader. Happily, among the pieces under the caption "Enone au clair visage," there are several easily apprehended and enjoyed, while the final invocation has a ring in its verse that reminds one somewhat of the splendid sonorousness of Heredia.

Albert Soubies's 'Le Théâtre en France de 1871 à 1892' (Paris: Flammarion) is not only one of those dainty little volumes justly prized by bibliophiles, but one which contains, together with a great mass of authentic information, some sound reflections on the past development and future prospects of the drama in France. It will prove useful in many ways to those who study the history of the drama from a purely literary standpoint; to those who desire to be thoroughly informed of the nature and number of dramatic productions for twenty years past, it is indispensable.

That bone of contention to critics, the Independent Theatre, was to begin its season last week (October 27) with "A Question of Memory," a modern prose play in four acts by "Michael Field." The same author's "William Rufus" had been announced for the first performance, without scenic accessories, but the difficulties in the way of producing it apparently daunted even the energies of Mr. Grein. Another author with whom Mr. Grein proposed to make the London public acquainted is the Belgian Maeterlinck, whose "Princesse Maleine" he last spring announced his intention of giving by marionettes. Whether this plan prove feasible or not, Mr. Grein has an ardent supporter of his admiration for Maeterlinck in the art critic William Sharp, who, in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century*, gave an able study of the new literary movement in Belgium, including an appreciative estimate of that most weird, gruesome, and unique production of Maeterlinck, "Les Aveugles." Other up-to-date plays promised by Mr. Grein are "The Death of Count Godfrey," a one-act piece of Messrs. Walter Besant and W. H. Pollock, Ibsen's "Wild Duck," Zola's "Heirs of M. Rabourdin," translated by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos, and a translation by Justin Huntly McCarthy of Strindberg's three-act tragedy, "The Father"—this last to be read at an "at home."

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for August there is a detailed description of the changes of the coast of southwestern Schleswig during the past six centuries, with three maps showing the conditions in 1240, 1643, and at the present time. There is also an unusually clear account of the semi-independent States on the southern slope of the Hindu-Kush mountains and their geographical relations to the Pamirs. It is accompanied by an admirable map showing the principal roads and passes. Dr. G. Schweinfurth contributes a review of Maj. R. H. Brown's recently published work, 'The Fayûm and Lake Moeris,' which he regards as offering a nearly final solution of one of the most difficult problems of ancient geography. The principal article of the September number is an account of the methods employed in several European stations for automatically recording the earthquake waves over the earth's surface, together with a list of 193 observations made since 1889. Much too brief notice is taken of the heroic attempt of Miss Taylor of the China Inland Mission to reach Lhasa. She was turned back when only three marches distant by the assurance that her life would be the forfeit if she should enter the sacred city. There is also an abstract of the meagre information which the authorities of

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the Congo Free State have permitted to be published about their mysterious expedition to the Equatorial Province, sent out in February, 1891. Little is yet known except that the expedition reached Wadelai on the Nile, and that the leader, Vankerckhoven, had been killed. A supplemental number contains "New Contributions to the Geology and Geography of Japan," by Dr. E. Naumann.

The Yale Psychological Laboratory signalizes the close of its first year by issuing No. 1 of 'Studies' therefrom, edited by Edward W. Scripture, Ph.D., instructor in Experimental Psychology. The two papers possessing a popular interest are "Experiments on the Musical Sensitiveness of School-Children," by J. A. Gilbert, and "Drawing a Straight Line: A Study in Experimental Didactics," by E. W. Scripture and C. S. Lyman. There are several cuts of new apparatus.

A correspondent writes that in the colonial MS. records of a Massachusetts town he has encountered the following sentence: "Paid for Doing ye Meeting hous and for a Suppolidge . . . £4." And he desires to ascertain the nature of the service or thing described by the closing word.

"G. A. R." writes from Washington:

"The suggestion of a correspondent that the medical examination of pension applicants be made by army and navy surgeons, leads to the further suggestion that the administration of the pension laws be placed in the War Department. The pension roll would then become, what everybody professes it should be, a roll of honor; honorable to the country and the pensioner."

—We instinctively associate with the *Atlantic* the "literary" essay of not quite the newest and most fashionable cut. It is not, however, the characteristic critical articles, or even the original verse and fiction, that redeem the November number from dulness, but two short and very businesslike essays on current affairs, which strike freshly the minds, and perhaps touch the imaginations, of all readers save those who are unusually well informed. The first is an expansion and justification of the dictum of the president of the ophthalmological section of the British Medical Association, that a man who goes about with his eyes unspectacled will ultimately be so rare in civilized lands as to cause beholders to blush. Nature, it seems, has not dealt so kindly with us after all. She has not only left us the useless and dangerous legacy of tonsils and vermiform appendices, but she regularly misfits us with eyes, and provides that age and use make the calamity more grievous. The wise child, therefore, whatever he may do in regard to his other troublesome bequests, consults at an early age the expert, who studies the interior structure of each eye by means of the ophthalmoscopic mirror, calculates the degree of refraction he finds there, and sets Nature right before she can do any really serious damage, by prescribing glasses of an appropriate character. The general use of spectacles thus becomes a test of the degree of civilization to which a nation has attained. Not less suggestive to the imagination than this spectacled future of our land is the knowledge of the fact—and the significance of the fact—that the Legislature of North Dakota has passed a bill establishing courts of conciliation, before which all civil suits must come before being brought to trial. The system is well established in Norway, where it is found that nine-tenths of such suits are amicably settled without going further. A scheme more simply patriarchal and kindly can scarcely be imagined, nor one that if generally adopted might have a greater influence over the devious paths of law and justice.

—The *Century* is full of interesting biographical material touching a whole galaxy of famous men of both past and present times. We have an account of George Michel, the French painter of romantic landscapes, never widely known at home or here; the rest of the contemptuous British diary concerning the voyage to St. Helena of the "once great" Napoleon; a light sketch of Bismarck at home among his dogs and canes and pipes; and a good narrative of the adventurous escape of Gen. Breckinridge from Florida to Cuba after the capture of Jefferson Davis. Most interesting, however, are the memories and letters of Booth which his friend Mr. Bispham begins to collect in this number, and the two pieces which Prof. Norton prints from the manuscripts left by Lowell. One consists of fragments from a college lecture of his (presumably introductory to his course at Harvard on Cervantes) on humor, wit, fun, and satire. Distinctions of the kind he makes are always subjective and somewhat too subtle for unquestioned acceptance, but here, as in all of Lowell's work, the charm lies not in the result of his thought, with which any one may disagree, but in the individuality of the suggestions which he conveys to the reader at almost every line. A talker, not a lecturer, he was always at his worst in wholly objective work, and at his best where a linked chain of thought is not indispensable. The other piece is nothing less than Emerson's poem in honor of Lowell's fortieth birthday, a "horoscope, half of memory, half of hope." The lines, with all their rhythmical defects, may rank with the writer's best; they contain a text of criticism that we can easily imagine Arnold's spinning into a whole sermon-essay. "Strength for the hour" was Lowell's horoscope as Emerson cast it in 1859, nor did the thirty years that came after find his strength inadequate for whatever his genius or his duty impelled him to perform.

—In *Harper's* for November Mr. Arthur Symons describes, after a somewhat conventional fashion, the French school of decadents, impressionists, symbolists, or whatever they please to call themselves. The first term seems to him most significant because "this representative literature of to-day is really," in contrast with classic literature, "a new and interesting and beautiful disease." All this we have now heard many times, with an implication that æsthetics and literary criticism must now make themselves anew in order to include a new order of data. A "school" like that which Mr. Symons gives the outlines of with such wonderment is picturesque, of course, but it is not new, not worth the inventing of a new critical vocabulary nor the admiration and imitation of a host of college boys. Mr. Symons goes on to put two of his contemporaries, Mr. Pater and Mr. Henley, inside the mystic ranks of the impressionists. The latter's verse is, however, in no need of a new recommendation; it is rather of an old fashion than a new, and any reader may adequately express his opinions of him without necessarily comparing him with queer painters, or falling into the lingo of decadent criticism. As to the impressionism of Mr. Pater, the reader may judge from his "Apollo in Picardy," which is luckily printed in the same number with Mr. Symons's essay, perhaps as a specimen of symbolism, certainly not as a proof that Mr. Pater never writes "a page that is not perfectly finished," with a minute elaboration that "can be compared only with goldsmiths' work."

—The current number of *Scribner's* contains a great variety of matter, from the picturesqueness of the World's Fair to that of the upper Burmese border, and from Madame Roland to Lincoln and the late Prof. Freeman. The most suggestive article treats of girls' education in France, and deserves careful reading at the hands of the thousand or more young women who have this fall entered our better colleges. In this country the whole trend of ambition is towards an education which fits women to take the world by the horns for themselves. The curriculum is thus usually modelled almost absolutely on the norm of the college for men. The Harvard Annex and Barnard College do not even diverge in the slightest from Harvard and Columbia in the amount and character of their prescribed and elective work and in their methods and means of instruction. At another large women's college the president informed a professor from outside, who had been engaged to deliver a course of lectures there, that he must expect success in his teaching in proportion as he avoided implying to his hearers that they were of a different sex from that of the audience he customarily addressed. Here, in short, we train girls, from their very entrance on college life, to depend on their own wits, to settle great and small matters by investigation and research, and to make themselves mentally independent. In France the whole spirit of women's education is different. She is to be a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, her husband's friend and assistant. She must be intelligent, judicious, and ready at conventional and practical knowledge. The whole training through which she is put, consequently, is essentially unlike that in vogue here. Just what is the real difference between the results obtained in the case of the rank and file of educated women, it would be interesting to hear from some one familiar with the intellectual life of both countries.

—In an address at the annual distribution of prizes at the Mason Science College, Birmingham, October 9, Prof. Jebb of Cambridge declared that classical studies were never more efficient, deeper, more comprehensive, or more in touch with the literary and artistic interests of the day than they are at present in England. He sketched rapidly the reaction against the Romanticism dominant in the early part of the century, saying that Grote's 'History of Greece' marked the commencement of a wider influence of the classics "by investing ancient Greece with a modern interest." The late Prof. Freeman's work in this direction he cordially recognized, and referred to Tennyson as that "powerful poetic mediator between the antique masters and the English speaking world." The numerous works which popularize without vulgarizing the classics, and the greater attractiveness with which the study has been invested, have also aided in enriching and enlarging the study of these standards of literature and models of art, this treasure-house of ideas "which have been fruitful in every field of human thought and life." Referring to the danger of a too great zeal for scientific precision arising from specializing the various departments of classical study, Prof. Jebb says that no study concerned with the creations of the human mind in language, in literature, or in art "can attain its highest aim unless the purely intellectual spirit of science is controlled by the literary and artistic sense, which is partly moral." Quoting

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Bacon's opinion that the progress of knowledge had been retarded by a tendency to neglect the training of the mind in favor of professional studies, he summed up the claims of the classics, historical, literary, and linguistic, for forming, moulding, and instructing the mind. "Modern life, so complex, so restless, and so competitive, naturally tends to insist first upon instruction; but as no progress of science can enable men to think faster, a sound economy of educational time depends on the same principles as ever."

—Four volumes have now appeared of D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo's 'Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos' (Madrid: Librería de la Viuda de Hernando y Ca., 1890-'93), and we are able to form some estimate of the value of the work. The first criticism that suggests itself is that the collection is far too *weitschweifig*, as the Germans say. As yet, only the last quarter of the fifteenth century has been reached, and one fears that before the poets of our own time have been disposed of, the Anthology will form a library in itself. The fact is, much has been admitted that is not properly lyric poetry at all (*e. g.*, most of the extracts from Gonzalo de Berceo, the 'Libro de Alexandre,' and the Canciller de Ayala in vol. i.; the 'Danza de la Muerte' in vol. ii.; the 'Regimiento de Príncipes' of Gómez Manrique in vol. iii.; two-thirds at least of the ninety pages given to Fray Ambrosio Montesino in vol. iv.). Then the editor's desire to include everything, however poor in itself, illustrative of the beginning or course of new literary movements makes him many times forget the inevitable sufferings of his readers. Besides the extracts, each volume has a *prólogo*, in which Señor Menéndez y Pelayo discusses the history of the poetry he is exemplifying. Here diffuseness has gone so far as to cause history and literature to part company at the end of the first volume. The prólogo of vol. iv. barely concludes the discussion of the period illustrated in vol. i. The reader wonders how the two parts of the work are to be brought again into conjunction. Perhaps by a volume by and by containing nothing but a prólogo. In spite of these defects, however, the Anthology is a useful book. The extracts give us in the main the best of a great mass of bad poetry, and the introductions outline competently, if not compactly, the history of that poetry. We are really very badly off for sound books upon Spanish literature. Ticknor is practically obsolete, at least for the mediæval period; and Amador de los Rios is inaccurate and untrustworthy. On the whole, no one in Spain knows better the results of the latest investigations on the subject, or is better able to give them to us in consecutive form, than Señor Menéndez y Pelayo. He is perhaps too fluent for our taste; but that is essentially a Spanish fault.

—We are impressed by this fact when we take up vol. iii. of the monumental edition of Lope de Vega, edited for the Spanish Academy by the same indefatigable scholar (Madrid: Sucesores de Rivadeneyra, 1893). Vol i. appeared in 1890, and contained a new biography of the poet by D. Cayetano Alberto de la Barrera. The *obras* proper began with vol. ii. (1892). The volumes are heavy but beautifully printed quartos, containing each over six hundred pages; and we are informed that forty-four or forty-five such will be required before all the pieces of the *monstruo de la naturaleza* are in type. This is appalling, yet will have its compensations for the student of the golden age of Spanish letters. Hitherto we have practically had to study Lope in the selections from his dramatic and non-dramatic works made respectively by Hartzenbusch and Rosell for Rivadeneyra's "Biblioteca de Autores Españoles." The materials there afforded (amounting in all to five large volumes) are undoubtedly extensive; but as one looks over the pieces already printed in the new edition, he is struck by the number of those not to be found in the volumes of the "Biblioteca," or, indeed, in many cases, anywhere else. The inedited works are thus far twenty-four, although it should be added that many of these are almost certainly not Lope's. It may be that this proportion of novelties will not appear in subsequent volumes, for the editor has given us as yet only the *autos* and *coloquios*, which, though peculiarly dear to their author's heart, had something essentially ephemeral about them and were less likely than the *comedias* proper to obtain the permanency of type. In no part of Lope's work, however, does what we may call the journalistic character of his genius better appear. In them we see him taking advantage of all kinds of occasions of religious festivity for the production of dramatic editorials in which the chief questions then interesting the public were poetically discussed. There was seldom much originality in his conclusions, but the free play of his fancy and occasionally a flash of pure imagination gave to what he said a certain appearance of splendid newness. This seems to us the only theory upon which we can account for the amazing rapidity with which his pieces followed each other. In conclusion, we may remark that the new edition seems carefully edited, and that a large amount of useful information is given in the *observaciones preliminares* which accompany each volume.

—'The Japanese Abroad' (*Sekai ni Okéru Nihon Jin*) is the title of a very interesting book published in Tokio, at the office of the *Keizai Zasshi* (the *Economist*). The author, Watanabé, gives a lively account of his countrymen who in earlier centuries travelled or won fame abroad. Making diligent use of Marco Polo and Hildreth's 'Japan as It Was and Is,' and supplementing his reading from Oriental sources, he has compiled a volume of striking interest. A Western student, in plodding through the history of a far Oriental nation, hails as an oasis any point of contact with the great stream of the world's life. So, too, the Japanese now desire to know where, when, and how any of their fellow-islanders have played their part in the world abroad. Watanabé tells of the voyages made around the Cape of Good Hope in the sixteenth century by the native Christian noblemen to Rome and Spain, and of their crossing the Pacific to Mexico. He gives biographical outlines of the most famous converts to Roman Christianity who lived in Europe. The voyages and adventures of his countrymen in the Philippines, China, Corea, Annam, and Siam are also related. The fortunes of the famous Yamada and his band, who for a time powerfully influenced Siamese history, are finely told. Reinforcing the text are several wood-cut illustrations of trade with the Europeans, receptions in Rome, maps, routes of voyages, and portraits. Probably the most suggestive pictures are those illustrating Japanese marine architecture in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. One, a high-sterned, castellated, and two-masted *funé*, vastly superior to a "junk," reminds one strongly of the caravels of Columbus. Another print, of a first-class war-ship with three masts, two decks, a broadside battery of sixteen cannon with two "bow-chasers," crow's-nests in the tops for match-lock sharp-shooters, with ample deck-room for fighting-men, and a notable spread of canvas, shows vividly the sea-power of the Japanese before Iyéyasu sealed up the country, leaving only an air-hole at Déshima. Thoroughly at home on the sea, and roving freely from India to Siberia, the Japanese were a terrible "neighbor-disturbing people," as the Chinese declared, as well as great traders. A study of their power on the sea—making all allowance for European aid and suggestion—explains largely the wonderful celerity and brilliancy of that Japanese conquest of Corea in 1592-93 which so thoroughly scared great China, and which China fears may be repeated. The book forms a worthy companion to Mr. Inagaki's work on 'Japan and The Pacific,' reviewed in these columns some months ago; the author of which, by the way, is now in mid-Asia studying "the Eastern question" from an inland point of view.

THE NEW LEWIS AND CLARK.—II.

History of the Expedition under the Command of Lewis and Clark, etc., etc. Edited by Elliott Coues, late Captain, etc. In four volumes. New York: Francis P. Harper.

Our first transcontinental exploration was set on foot the very year that the great unknown it revealed had become United States territory. The interest thus roused was doubled by a widespread fear that the explorers, unheard of for more than a year, would never be heard of again. It was the real discovery of the Great West, and indeed of America to an extent beyond the accomplishment of any similar endeavor before or since. The enterprise was excellently executed and it was as excellently described. The captains had been ordered to keep journals, nor did they let any day pass without many a line, feeling that half a word fixed on the spot is worth a cartload of recollections. More than one of their subordinates did likewise. As soon as a note-book had been filled, it was soldered in a water-tight case. Thus twenty volumes or more of manuscript came back from the utmost corner of the West with not a line obscured. The first of them committed to the art preservative was the journal of Sergt. Patrick Gass, published at Pittsburgh in 1807, within a few months after Gass had reached his home in that neighborhood. This work was often reprinted here or abroad. It was used with other documents in getting up divers pretended official narratives which had a great run, but are justly stigmatized by Prof. Coues as apocryphas.

Regarding the note-books of the captains on which the text of Biddle was based, Dr. Coues appears to have fallen into a strange heresy. His creed is that they were not written at all during the progress of the exploration. He would trace these gospels back to a protevangelion that has perished. Such a doctrine covers with dim eclipse the halo which has so long gilded those venerable volumes, and might well call up the ghost of Jefferson. It is sufficiently refuted by Jefferson's own words, namely (Works vi., p. 595): "Capt. Lewis had journalized all occurrences day by day as he travelled, in morocco-bound pocket volumes, small octavos, opening at the end [the very volumes as to which Dr. Coues is sceptical]. Every one had been put into a separate tin case to prevent injury from wet." Jefferson adds that they were brought to him, etc. The narrative of

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the captains detailing the daily progress of the expedition was to be prepared for the press by Capt. Lewis. The year after his death, which was in 1809, their field-notes were taken in hand by Nicholas Biddle, who early in 1811 had them ready for the publisher. But war was coming on, and business collapsed, so that it was 1814 before Mr. Biddle's volumes saw the light. They were reproduced in Dublin (1817) and London (1814), but, until the edition of Dr. Coues, have never been again given to the American public. The *editio princeps*, nominally 2,000 copies, had only about 1,400 that were not imperfect, and has been so long out of print that a copy cannot often be bought for fifty dollars. Its place has been taken by an abridgment in Harpers' Family Library which had long ago appeared in a score of editions.

Students in Western history—and more than others those dwelling beyond the Mississippi and on the Pacific Slope—have long been impatient for a reprint of the *editio princeps*, with an index, with maps connecting the expedition with the settlements that now border its route, with supplements to the text from the official manuscripts, as well as with notes elucidating matters historical, geographical, ethnological, zoölogical, and botanical. What they desiderated they now have, thanks to Dr. Coues, who, as the last editor of Lewis and Clark, is clearly the right man in the right place. Serving with the international commissions which marked our Northern boundary westward from the lakes to the ocean in 1873-'76, long a naturalist on far West United States surveys in subsequent years, with all his perplexities, historic and scientific, cleared up by fellow-specialists from governmental authorities in and out of Washington—above all with the eighteen codices, the autographs of the great captains, all the while in his hands—how could he have been better equipped at all points for his task? But his superlative fitness lies in this that his work has been throughout a labor of love. Whatever Jefferson foresaw, whatever his captains saw, he delights to honor them for, and views them as beyond others preparing for the course of empire to take its way westward. More than a thousand notes bespeak his tirelessness in making full proof of his opportunities. The long chapter on botany and zoölogy evinces how indispensable his labors were to reveal the manifold discoveries made in those departments, and do justice to the merits of the discoverers.

But critics, whatever the beams in their own eyes, will never cease to see spots on the sun. The volumes are well printed, and yet we meet with errors we should be glad to think typographical, though we cannot always. Wayne's victory of 1794 is set down as two years earlier (page c.). Had it been, how many an Ohio scalping would have been escaped! Land ceded *by* Indians is said to have been ceded to them (page xxxix.). We read: "The first newspaper in St. Louis, the *Missouri Gazette*, appeared July 12th, 1808," (page xl.); but an item is quoted from that paper early in 1807 (page 256). Again, this paper, on September 13, 1810, is said to have been conducted through twelve volumes (page xl.). The notes of Dr. Coues—above all, those derived from the manuscripts of the captains—are invaluable. His habit, however, of interlarding them with his own private opinions on irrelevant matters occasionally emphasizes the lack of information that would throw light on his main theme. Thus, Capt. Lewis's sources of knowledge when he entered his bateau are inadequately treated. We are told that he could not procure D'Anville's map, nor yet Vancouver's (page xxiv.), but what he did have we are not told. The correspondence of Lewis during his year of preparation must yield more light on his literary outfit than is vouchsafed us by his latest editor. The Arrowsmith which is referred to (page 357) we think was not, as Dr. Coues calls it, an "atlas," but the London "map of the northern regions of America." A trifle of further research would have made some things plain which puzzle Dr. Coues. The word *brace*, in the phrases "1 Brace Blue cloth" and "3 Brace of cloth," he says apparently does not mean a pair, but declares himself ignorant of its meaning, and asks what it can mean (page 241). Had he turned to Dr. Murray's thesaurus, he would have found at once what he desired—namely, "*Brace*, 2. A measure of length, orig. representing the length of the extended arms. The French *brasse* was about 64 inches," etc. We have to thank Dr. Coues for a winning likeness of Capt. Clark. Most readers will lament the lack of a letter-press description of his personal appearance. The following was sent to the writer in 1889 by Henry Shaw, founder of the St. Louis garden:

"Gen. Wm. Clark, in 1819, was a tall, military-looking man, as erect as the recently deceased Gen. Harney, of dignified and pleasing address, of light complexion, gray eyes, scant hair, and I think he wore a queue bound round with an eelskin, as was then the fashion with ancient men of St. Louis; on the whole, the same style of man as Washington—perhaps a trifle taller."

Mr. Biddle's narrative had been drawn up on a principle analogous to the British rule of military etiquette which forbids mentioning any private soldier by name. But in this regard Dr. Coues from the codices has largely reformed the text, and given a tenfold individuality to most members of the whole band. What is said, however, regarding the subsequent fortunes of the men who, in Dr. Coues's words, "accomplished an immortal purpose," forms a rather beggarly account. Aside from the memoirs of the captains and one sergeant, the notices of the interpreter and wife as alive till after 1832, and Shannon till 1836, of Gibson dying at St. Louis, of the slave York freed and telling stories in saloons there, of Drewyer again on the upper Missouri, and of Colter at La Charrette in 1811, are about all that Dr. Coues has gleaned from all sources. Admitting that Shannon had lost a leg, he adds, "but under circumstances unknown to me." Perhaps he had forgotten Clark's remark in 1805, "George Shannon cut his foot with the ads [*sic*]." Most doctors would say that that cut was "poison given to work a great time after." While stating that the party in addition to land were granted double pay (p. cxi.), Dr. Coues neglects to tell us what double pay means. This extra pay amounted to only $11,000, which sum, with the outfit estimated by Lewis at $2,500, and possibly something more from the secret service fund, was the entire cost of the expedition. The value of the land we shall show further on. When has so much been bought for so little?

Dr. Coues takes pains to tell us that Gibson was from Pennsylvania and that the two Fields were from Kentucky. We can add that McNeal was from the same State with Gibson, that Collins was from Maryland, Ordway from New Hampshire, Howard from Massachusetts, Werner and Whitehouse from Virginia. Frazer probably hailed from Vermont, Drewyer and Cruzatte called Missouri their residence. These facts add much to the evidence from names which prove English, Scotch, Irish, French, and African descent, to show what a gathering from the four winds combined to discover the future home of heterogeneous nationalities! Another interesting incident which escaped the research of Dr. Coues is that nine of the adventurers, whose names are all known, within a week after the return to St. Louis, sold their prospective land claims for $2,200, and that seven of these claims were bought by their fellow-soldiers. Frazer, while still in Vermont, had bought a hat, but had absconded without making any payment. While he was in the extreme West his hatter failed and ran away to St. Louis, and was recognized by Frazer among the crowd there who welcomed the returning adventurers. Frazer was so glad to see an old familiar face, even in the guise of a dun, that he paid the debt with interest—nor was this difficult, as he at once received $250 for his prospective land claim. Dr. Coues extols Drewyer, the Nimrod from whom more than from any other man the party received their daily food. Had he known that this crack shot was killed by Blackfoot Indians on the Upper Missouri in 1809, he would have shed more than one tear for his untimely fate. These annals are short and simple, but they forbid us to agree with our editor that, "excepting four, we know next to nothing more than the names" of the thirty-two adventurers. Another most important fact concerning the men, unnoticed by Dr. Coues, is that the captains had "encouraged the men to keep journals, and that seven of them did, to whom the officers gave every assistance in their power," as well as that some of these journals were sent down from the Mandans to St. Louis in the spring of 1805. This significant fact, that no less than seven men kept journals, to which we find no allusion in the four octavos of Dr. Coues, and others equally significant, can be learned only from the despatch to the President from Capt. Lewis when half-way up the Missouri—a document which even the London editor and the Dutch translator saw to be full of meaning, but which is unaccountably unprinted by Dr. Coues, though, as he shows, it had made the fortune of several apocryphas. It would illumine a volume more than a chapter of Biddle sometimes does.

Resorting to the Historical Society of Wisconsin would have been fruitful in side-lights to Dr. Coues. He would have been astonished to see in such a provincial establishment most of the works which figure in his Bibliography, and some which he confesses never to have seen. Besides the Dunbar apocrypha of 1806, several editions of Gass, one of them the best, the *princeps* of Philadelphia and that of Dublin, both with plates and maps in good condition, and the Dutch version of Van Kampen, he would there have handled the 1811 Philadelphia Gass in a perfect copy, though the only one known to him has lost half its title-page and the whole of the last leaf, so that he does not give its title with absolute correctness. The Wisconsin copy of Fisher's apocrypha would have shown him that he had no reason for doubt whether it had portraits (p. cxvi.), and that in stating Master Neddy to be there dropped, he was mistaken, unless, indeed, the Wisconsin edition is one unknown to him altogether. But what he would have espied there with most glad surprise is the largest collection, it is believed, in existence of manuscripts relating to the Clark family. The Mandan letter already referred to, and one from his father fourteen years earlier, are specimens of scores in the intervening period.

It is almost ungracious to suggest further research to such diligence as Dr. Coues has

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manifested; nevertheless, he might have secured the letter of Clark on the eve of his second year's voyage up the Missouri to his brother in Louisville, which was the last heard of him till his return from the Pacific. This midway writing seems at least as worthy of facsimile as the specimen which Dr. Coues has so honored. Again, he might by possibility have got on the track of Sergeant Ordway's journal, which was laid up in the same repository with the codices, and which was declared by Biddle far superior to that of Gass (p. lxxxvi.), to which Dr. Coues everywhere is glad to confess his obligations. Moreover, as we have already stated on the authority of Capt. Lewis, a journal kept by a sergeant, perhaps by Pryor, was sent down from Ft. Mandan to St. Louis, and may lurk there still. More than this, others besides the captains and two sergeants kept journals. The preface to the work of Gass says: "That the information gained might be preserved more effectually, it was enjoined upon the several persons belonging to the corps who were considered capable *to keep journals*, and every necessary information and assistance given them for that purpose," etc. This is in keeping with the statement of Capt. Lewis a year after the voyage began, that seven of the men did keep journals. There is evidence that Robert Frazer was one of these journalists. The writer has now before him the following prospectus, which, soon after the return of the expedition, was sent from St. Louis to Rutland, Vt., where Frazer had in former years been a fencing-master. This paper has never before been published:

"Proposals for publishing by subscription Robert Frazer's Journal, from St. Louis in Louisiana to the Pacific Ocean, containing an accurate description of the Missouri and its several branches; of the mountains separating the eastern from the western waters; of the Columbia River and the bay it forms on the Pacific Ocean; of the face of the country in general; of the several tribes of Indians on the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; of the vegetable and animal productions discovered in those extensive regions; the latitudes and longitudes of some of the most remarkable places, together with a variety of curious and interesting occurrences during a voyage of two years four months and nine days, conducted by Captains Lewis and Clarke. Published by permission of Captain Meriwether Lewis. This work will be contained in about 400 pages octavo, and will be put to the press so soon as there shall be a sufficient subscription to defray the expenses. Price to subscribers $3."

The unexpected happens. Such a happening would be the find of the journal by Frazer. The discovery of the codices was, scarcely a year ago, a great surprise to Dr. Coues himself (p. 985). That discovery might well have constrained him to reform altogether the plan of his work. Those volumes (a score wanting two filled with the *ipsissima verba* of the exploring captains) should have been printed just as their authors wrote them, barring, perhaps, errors in spelling, etc. Such has been the feeling of the present writer ever since he began nine years ago to contrast their crisp and idiomatic utterances with Biddle, coldly correct and classically dull. Almost every note of Dr. Coues based on a codex has deepened this feeling—and he sometimes seems to betray it himself (p. 484, etc.). Sparks gave us the writings of Washington not as Washington had penned them, but as Sparks thought they should have been penned, and not without additions and subtractions. The public, however, soon saw that they were shown not the genuine Washington, but a Sparks make-believe. They refused to see him stretched on a couch of Procrustes. They demanded the identical words of Washington, and the demand has now brought a supply, while the work which Sparks flattered himself would be monumental for himself as well as his hero, is vanishing away. Again, when Congress employed M. Pierre Margry to print for them the narratives of the Frenchmen who, next to Lewis and Clark, were the greatest discoverers in our American world, they required him to fill his volumes with the very words of the original journalists—nothing omitted, nothing inserted. In England the voyages of Capt. Cook, the greatest of English discoverers, were long read, not as chronicled by his own hand, but largely as dressed up in words of learned length and thundering sound by Hawkesworth, Solander, and Banks. Yet such a second-hand story could not be tolerated for ever, and so the original journals of the navigator have this year been published in London. Bowdler, Collier, and others brought out Shakspere improved according to their own notions of taste, sound and sense. These bubbles, however, soon burst, and the trend of all modern Shaksperians to the unadulterated original, "minishing not a word," is unmistakable.

In perusing Dr. Coues's samples, appetite grows by what it feeds on. He says that "Biddle, in his text, nowhere followed the actual words of the explorers themselves. Had he done otherwise, the world would have been treated to an unexampled curiosity in literature." It ought to have been so treated long ago, and we trust it will be at no distant day. The limited edition which Dr. Coues has now issued will be soon exhausted. Let him meantime make ready the codices for the press with his old explanations, as well as such new ones as he will see to be called for, and he will do for the twentieth century much more than Biddle did for the nineteenth, producing a work not only more readable and instructive, but one which cannot be superseded. The world has long laughed at a Bowdlerized Shakspere; it will not always be content with a Biddleized Lewis and Clark.

PIATT AND BOYNTON'S THOMAS.—I.

Gen. George H. Thomas: A Critical Biography. By Donn Piatt, with concluding chapters by Henry V. Boynton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo, pp. viii., 658.

THE title of this book is a misnomer. The name of Gen. Thomas is only a stalking-horse for coarse abuse of Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and other prominent officers in our civil war. It is not confined to events or campaigns in which Thomas had a part. As much space is given to campaigns in Virginia or on the Mississippi as to those in Kentucky and Tennessee. The object seems to be simply to make occasion to pronounce everything done by Grant and Sherman, especially, to be stupid and wicked, and themselves destitute of character as soldiers or as men. The reverse of the medal is to declare Thomas perfect in all he did, all he did not do, and all he might have done had he been in the place of the others. The research of the book proper seems to be confined to Van Horne's 'Life of Thomas,' Reed's 'Siege of Vicksburg,' and Boynton's 'Historical Raid,' with occasional references to Badeau, or, as the author facetiously puts it, to "Grant through Badeau," for purposes of objurgation.

Of Grant, Piatt says that "had he possessed more sense, he would have been less successful. Of all the generals who achieved notoriety during the civil war, he is the one whose career as a soldier will bear the least scrutiny." He is "the tanner who developed through retreats the high capacity of a commander." He is a "heartless butcher of his own men," a "hero of disaster," "the most incapable of our commanders," kept at the head of an army by the influence of an "Illinois politician," the "hero of fevers, smallpox, and measles." He is a "brutal butcher who would fight without knowing how to fight." He has "more boiler than machinery." His will is a "tenacity of fool purpose." He made a "miserable fiasco at Belmont," and a "murderous assault" at Champion Hill. Other men make their lies hang together, but he "leaves his feeble inventions where they are forced to fight each other." The author finally, in summarizing the campaign of Vicksburg, finds himself "ashamed" that the country should accept it as a triumph, "and out of its incompetent leader construct a grotesque greatness that would be laughable were it not such a melancholy disgrace." Does it need any argument that such "grotesque" extravagance answers itself and insures contempt for the book in which it is found?

On another point personal to Grant it may be well to say a word. His intemperance before the war had been the ground of apprehension among his friends, and his resolute and progressively successful fight with that temptation had been a mark of strong character and a noble purpose. If in any conjuncture of public importance a lapse from his good habit had affected his public conduct, influenced events, or brought injury to others, there would be justification for plain but moderate reference to it. To use a charge of intemperance wantonly, without pretence of evidence as to the particular time referred to, and only as a cumulating sting to other libels, is a crime. This is done in the book before us, not once or twice, but again and again. What is offered as evidence of such lapses during the spring and early summer of 1863 is a private letter of Rawlins to his general, dated after midnight of June 6, which has been for some years in print. The letter is one of the proofs of a friendship of the most chivalric and sacred character. It is absolute and indisputable evidence for what it states, which is that on that evening Rawlins had seen evidence that Grant had participated in social drinking, so that, while he attended to business after it, the chief-of-staff noticed the effects. Although in the small hours of the night, the devoted friend penned a remonstrance before he slept. But that remonstrance, which is used to support reiterated charges of continuous and disqualifying intemperance, itself gives the lie to them by the explicit statement of a pledge given "early last March," and that the general had "kept that pledge during your [his] recent campaign." The faithful sentinel (to use his own figure) had given the alarm at the first symptom of weakness he had himself detected, and his association with his chief was that of continuous daily and hourly intimacy. This is used as "official evidence of General Grant's personal habits and condition in these dreadful days." It is, on the contrary, conclusive evidence of the unscrupulousness of the vilifier. The subject should not be dropped without adding that to receive such a letter and to grip the writer of it to his heart with hooks of steel till Rawlins was laid in his grave after the war was over, was to show a trait of character which in the eyes of a magnanimous critic would cover a multitude of sins.

The attacks upon Gen. Sherman are more commonly in the form of associating him with

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Grant as a common target for epithets of the kind first quoted. The special chapters which Boynton devotes to him will be noticed later. Sheridan is saluted with a squib in the preface, in which it is said of the Winchester victory, "The commander was asleep in bed twenty miles away. He would have been called to account for thus absenting himself from the front at a time of great peril to his forces from the immediate presence of the enemy, and had to answer to a court of inquiry or a court-martial, but for a crazy poet and a patriotic actor." The recklessness as to facts in this statement will deceive nobody. Its fatuousness is only too evident when we reflect that it comes from one who can see nothing but perfect wisdom and generalship in Thomas's absence of twenty miles from the battle of Franklin, to which he did not ride either on a charger or a locomotive, though the railway was open to the field. Other officers are complimented by abuse, but the examples are enough for the purpose for which they are given, which is to show that extravagance answers itself and becomes its own *reductio ad absurdum*.

To pass from persons to things, it may be well to cull a brilliant example or two of historical method. The first is a small matter in itself, but is one in regard to which universal notoriety makes everybody a judge. The author romances on the capture of Fort Donelson, reaching the sapient conclusion that "instead of a blessing, it proved a grave calamity to our cause in the field." The reason given is that "from that out, all thought of Thomas's wise plan to hit the Confederacy where the Confederacy was vulnerable disappeared." Of this reason, more presently; but among a number of incidents of the battle of which Piatt has a monopoly in knowledge, is one relating to the authorship of the phrase "unconditional surrender." He tells us that a flag of truce was sent to Gen. C. F. Smith asking for terms of capitulation. "'Unconditional surrender,' was the prompt response, 'and unless immediately complied with, I will move upon your works.'" That Grant had nothing to do either with the fight or with the surrender, or even with the famous form of words, Piatt informs us, "is the true story of Fort Donelson." Whatever blind prejudice might assert with regard to Grant's own part in the battle, an intelligent person would have supposed that nothing short of insanity would question his authorship in "unconditional surrender." Not only do the war records contain the letter of Gen. Buckner asking for terms, which was addressed to Gen. Grant by name, but Grant's autograph answer which contained the phrase was, after the war, photographed by consent of Buckner, and the facsimile was everywhere spread abroad. The attribution to Smith is a pure invention, so bald as to raise a doubt whether the whole book was not consciously intended for a hoax to test the gullibility of a certain class of readers.

Let us turn for a moment to the reason for bewailing Grant's great victory as a public calamity. It is, ostensibly, that a plan of Gen. Thomas for an invasion of East Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap was thenceforward ignored and disappeared. In other parts of the book the same assertion reappears, with the gloss upon it that the plan involved not merely the relief of the loyal men of the Holston valley, but the capture of Chattanooga, which itself would end the war. This is scarcely less a burlesque than the "unconditional surrender." The idea of a campaign for the relief of East Tennessee was discussed in Washington from the very beginning of the war. Andrew Johnson and Horace Maynard were instant in season and out of season in pressing it, and Lincoln heartily sympathized with their wish. McClellan included it in his written plan submitted to the President on August 2, more than three weeks before Thomas was made a brigadier and ordered to Kentucky. McClellan had also the intelligence to add to the political object found in the relief of the loyal Tennesseans the military one of "seizing the railroad leading from Memphis to the east." Later in the season, and, as he himself says, soon after he went to Kentucky, Thomas offered to march through the mountains upon Knoxville if twenty thousand men were given him for the purpose, properly equipped. Buell, who was his commander, showed in his correspondence with Washington that it was impracticable to supply an army in East Tennessee by wagon transportation over the Cumberland Mountains. He urged (and the event showed he was right) that the true line was to Chattanooga by the railway through Nashville, and that this was a case in which the longest way round was the shortest way home. The capture of Donelson secured Nashville as a base for this movement as well as for a secondary one upon Pittsburgh Landing. Unable to see this, Piatt says the surrender of 15,000 Confederates at Donelson was a calamity to the national Government because it made our armies in Tennessee move upon Chattanooga with a railroad to supply them, instead of marching through the Cumberland Mountains by roads over which mules could hardly haul their own provender except in the few weeks of midsummer.

Methods of composition are hardly less noticeable than methods in criticism. Van Horne, in his 'Life of Thomas,' mentions as a rumor that Mr. Lincoln, when pressed to give early promotion to Gen. Thomas, had said, "Let the Virginian wait." If the rumor had any foundation, though it probably had none, it was of course based on the doubts which existed for a time in regard to Thomas's purpose—whether he would resign, as Lee and Johnston had done. Such doubts were soon removed, and to say that Lincoln continued unfriendly to Thomas's advancement is not only baseless, but contrary to Lincoln's whole attitude towards men of the border States. He not only relied upon that other Virginian, Winfield Scott, but he made haste to give important commands to Anderson, Nelson, Crittenden, and Wood, Kentuckians, as well as to men of Missouri and Tennessee. Farragut is in the same list, whether he hailed from Louisiana or Virginia. But here was too good an opportunity "to point a moral and adorn a tale," and the rumor in Van Horne becomes a fact in Piatt, and is reiterated on every occasion, until it grows into "the President's one invariable answer was, 'Let the Virginian wait!'"

Van Horne had also said in his eulogy of Thomas that his transfer from the rearguard to the vanguard during active campaigning usually indicated a like transfer of emergencies. Piatt transfers the statement to his pages, without credit, but adds: "It made no difference what rank he held, he was ever in command so far as the commanding officer was concerned." The transfer and the addition are characteristic of the whole book, and characteristically far from the fact.

In the narrative of the campaign of Buell against Bragg, page after page is copied from Van Horne without credit, but with an occasional slip which makes nonsense of the criticism. Bragg crossed the Tennessee at Chattanooga and entered the little valley of the Sequatche. So much Buell knew; the question was whether Bragg would come out of the valley by crossing the Cumberland plateau lower down or farther up. The positions of both Thomas's troops and all the rest of Buell's command were on the west of the mountains, Thomas being at McMinnville; and no part of them either obstructed or commanded the Sequatche valley on the other side of the range. Van Horne's criticism is that by concentrating at Murfreesboro and withdrawing Thomas westward from his former post, Buell opened the way for Bragg to march *out* of the Sequatche valley and take the shortest route to Kentucky. No matter what may be the value of the criticism, it wholly loses its point in Piatt. The latter says: "If Bragg's purpose was to invade Kentucky, he would cross over *to* the Sequatche valley. If, *on the other hand*, he meant Nashville, it would be necessary to check the move at McMinnville. The two routes were too far apart to hold both," etc. He concludes that Thomas had to obey orders, and in so doing opened the way for Bragg *through* the Sequatche valley, "the shorter and better route to Kentucky." Buell's doubt was whether north Alabama or middle Tennessee was aimed at. The fact that Piatt has wholly missed the relation of the topography to the plans of either side does not prevent him from shouting pæans to Gen. Thomas, whose military judgment he finds unrivalled in the juncture.

It would be hard to imagine a more extreme type of what professed history and biography ought not to be. Boynton's appendix calls for some separate notice.

Dictionary of Quotations from Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign Sources, etc., etc. Selected and compiled by the Rev. James Wood. Frederick Warne & Co. 1893.

A Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations. Edited by R. D. Blackman. Eleventh edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

If we rightly interpret an abbreviation not put down in Mr. Wood's list, and discover him in the "*Ed.*" of the little sentiment on *Reality* on p. 369, we cannot reproach him with an abuse of his opportunity. Nor can we complain that he has slighted American authors, for we have noted as many as thirty-three, and he has drawn his aphorisms with marked liberality from the Concord Transcendentalists, the Brook-Farmers, and other literary lights of New England Unitarianism—from Emerson above all. The printers have unwarrantably distinguished Judge Halyburton (p. 549) from Haliburton (p. 25), and the Rev. T. T. Murger (p. 448) from Munger (pp. 265, 315). The ethical aim of this collection is proclaimed on the title-page, which we have abbreviated, and the Dictionary appeals first of all to those who resort to the sayings of wise men for "their bearing on life." After this class, perhaps, the motto-seekers have been most kept in mind, and these must be on their guard against various forms of inaccuracy. If, for instance, one had rather say in Italian than in English, "Follow thou thy own star," he must beware of taking Mr. Wood's professed equivalent from Dante—"*Se* tu segui tua stella," a conditional sentence of which the inspiring conclusion well deserved to be quoted. Grammatical and typographical slips, too, are likely to betray unscholarly adoption from Mr. Wood,

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as "Dannosa è il dono" (p. 53), "Muss scheden" (from Feuchtersleben's "Es ist bestimmt," p. 85), etc. Such mistakes are not very numerous, but they must be reckoned with. Liberty is taken with Voltaire's "Écrasez l'infâme": on p. 76 the first person is employed, "Écrasons." So a change from plural to singular marks a famous passage from the 'Annals' of Tacitus, which is otherwise distorted, clearly at second hand (p. 84): "Eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur," for which read: "Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur." We do not know whether the present stage of reformed spelling in Germany sanctions "Dämmerung ist Menschenlos" (for -loos) on p. 52. Certainly "Siéyès" on p. 360 is a misprint (for Sieyès). Finally, there is a third class which will use this Dictionary for definitions, like "Jour gras—Flesh day," "Fille de chambre—A chambermaid," "Sub Jove—In the open air," "Sicut lilium—As a lily," etc.; or for such colloquialisms as "Das glaub' ich—That is exactly my opinion."

The arrangement is alphabetic, whatever the language, with *a*, *the*, and even *and* leading off. An index partly helps the inquirer to the significant word, but is confessedly incomplete; thus, we are directed to "*whistled* for want of thought," but not to Franklin's "He has paid dear for his whistle," on p. 142. The foreign phrase is regularly translated, but not always correctly, as we have seen. The reference is to writers, not to chapter and verse of their works, and now and again the writer is unnamed even when notorious, as in the case of "Solitudinem faciunt." The translator is perhaps invariably unnamed. No rule has been observed as to quoting an author in his own language or in English. On the same page we find Bossuet in French and Victor Hugo in English.

On the whole, Mr. Wood's work is as meritorious and as useful as most of its kind; dreary to read consecutively, with plenty of commonplace, but also with gems enough, typographically rather better than the average, and not to be trusted without scrutiny.

For aught that we can see, everything in Mr. Blackman's slender 'Dictionary' might properly have found a place in Mr. Wood's, though its "phrases" very frequently consist of a single word. As it is, the contents of the two sometimes overlap, yet without necessarily agreeing or showing exactness wholly on one side. For instance, Wood gives: "Natura il fece, e poi roppe la stampa," and Blackman: "Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe lo stampo." The seeker after truth can take his choice, as also between "Tros Tyriusve" (Wood) and "Tros Tyriusque" (Blackman). Mr. Blackman is not content with a single alphabet. His Latin section fills nearly half the book; Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German follow, the last three being very meagre.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Handbook for Sewing-School Teachers. Thomas Whittaker. 35 cents.
Andersen, H. C. The Little Mermaid, and Other Stories. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Putnams. $3.
Benson, E. F. Dodo: A Detail of the Day. Chicago: C. H. Sergel Co. 50 cents.
Crawford, F. M. Marion Darche: A Story without Comment. Macmillan. $1.
Dahn, Felix. Julian der Abtrünnige: Geschichtlicher Roman. 2d ed. 3 vols. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel; New York: B. Westermann & Co.
Essays, Speeches and Memoirs of Von Moltke. 2 vols. Harpers. $5.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. Whittaker. $1.50.
Frederic, Harold. The Copperhead. Scribners. $1.
Greely, Gen. A. W. Explorers and Travellers. [Men of Achievement.] Scribners. $2.
Greene, G. A. Italian Lyrists of To-day. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Harrison, Mrs. Constance C. Short Stories. [Distaff Series.] Harpers. $1.
Hill, Prof. D. J. Genetic Philosophy. Macmillan. $1.75.
Holmes, O. W. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Illustrated. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Jefferies, Richard. Wood Magic. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Jewett, Sarah O. A Native of Winby, and Other Tales. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Kavanagh, Julia. Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. Putnams. $4.
Lyall, Edna. To Right the Wrong. Harpers. $1.50.
Mac Nab, Frances. Relics. Appletons. $1.
Martyn, Mrs. George. A Liberal Education. F. Warne & Co. 75 cents.
Miller, Margaret. My Saturday Bird Class. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cents.
Norton, C. P. Hand-Book of the Law of Bills and Notes. St. Paul: West Publishing Co. $3.50.
Norton, Prof. C. E. Letters of James Russell Lowell. 2 vols. Harpers. $8.
Oliver, Penn. Charley Kingston's Aunt: A Study of Medical Life and Experience. F. Warne & Co. $1.
Preyer, Prof. W. Mental Development in the Child. Appletons. $1.
Richards, Mrs. Laura E. Melody: The Story of a Child. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Scott, Sir W. Ivanhoe. 2 vols. The Monastery. 2 vols. [International Edition.] Boston: Estes & Lauriat; New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.
Scott, Sir W. The Abbot. [Dryburgh Edition.] Macmillan. $1.25.
Scott, Sir Walter. The Pirate. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Speeches and Addresses of William McKinley. Appletons. $2.
Sullivan, Sir Edward. Dante's Comedy in English Prose. Part I. London: Elliot Stock.
Sullivan, T. R. Tom Sylvester: A Novel. Scribners. $1.50.
The American Digest for 1893. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Thompson, Maurice. The Ethics of Literary Art. Hartford, Conn.: Hartford Seminary Press. $1.
Thoreau, H. D. The Maine Woods. Cape Cod. [Riverside Edition.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each $1.50.
Thwing, Rev. C. F. Within College Walls. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Stanley, H. M. My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories. Scribners. $2.
Van Dyke, Rev. Henry. The Christ-Child in Art. Harpers. $1.
Wagner, Leopold. The Significance of Names. Thomas Whittaker. $1.75.
Whitman, Sidney. The Realm of the Habsburgs. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.25.
Windelband, Prof. W. A History of Philosophy. Macmillan. $5.
Winter, William. Life and Art of Edwin Booth. Macmillan. $2.25.

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